

The TATLER

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London
June 21, 1939



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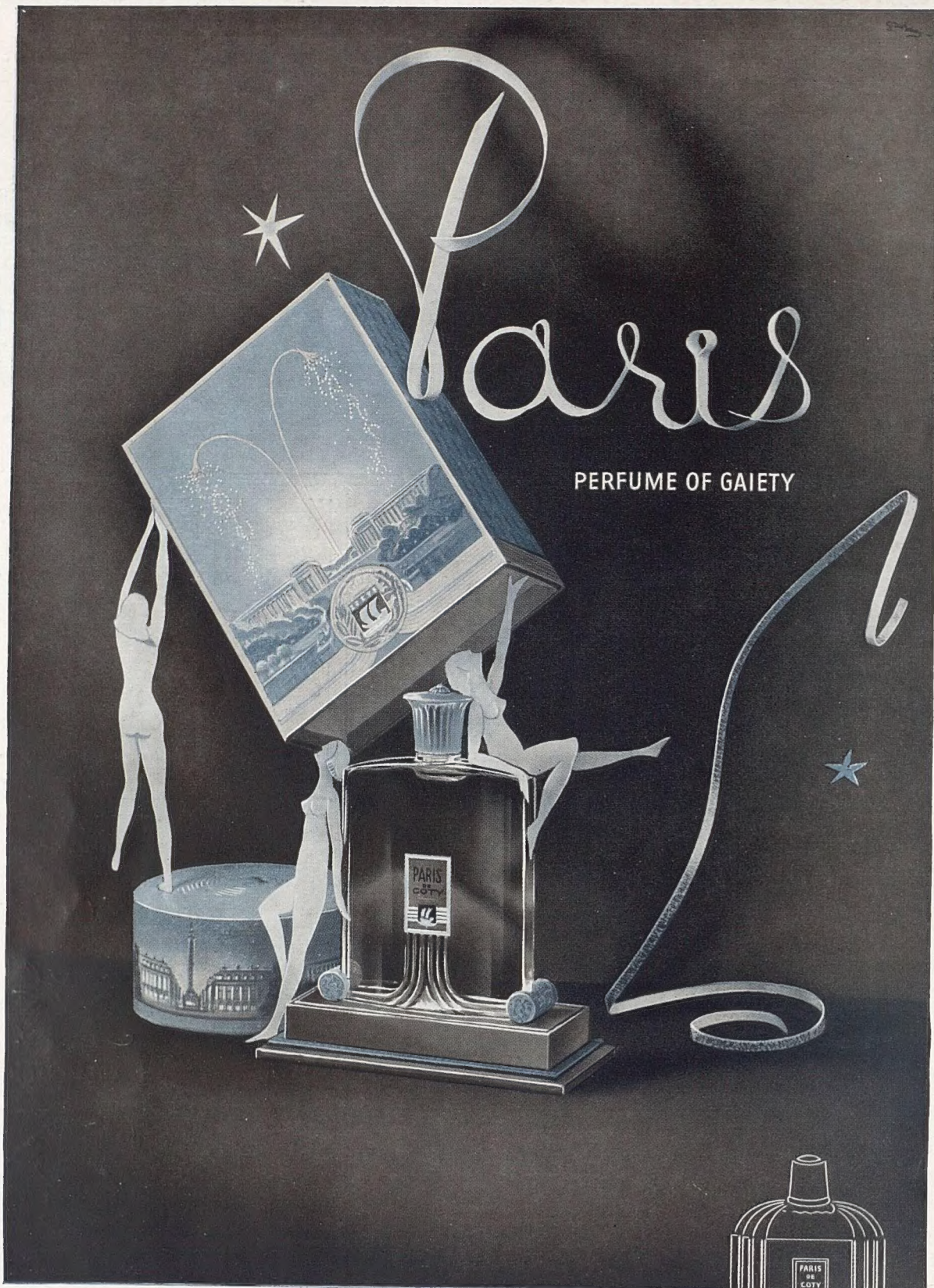
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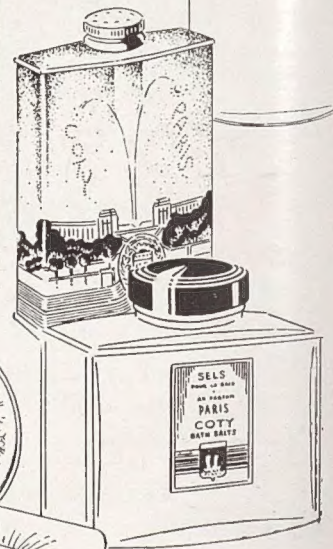
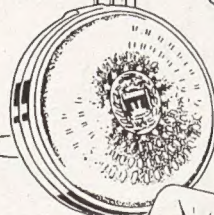
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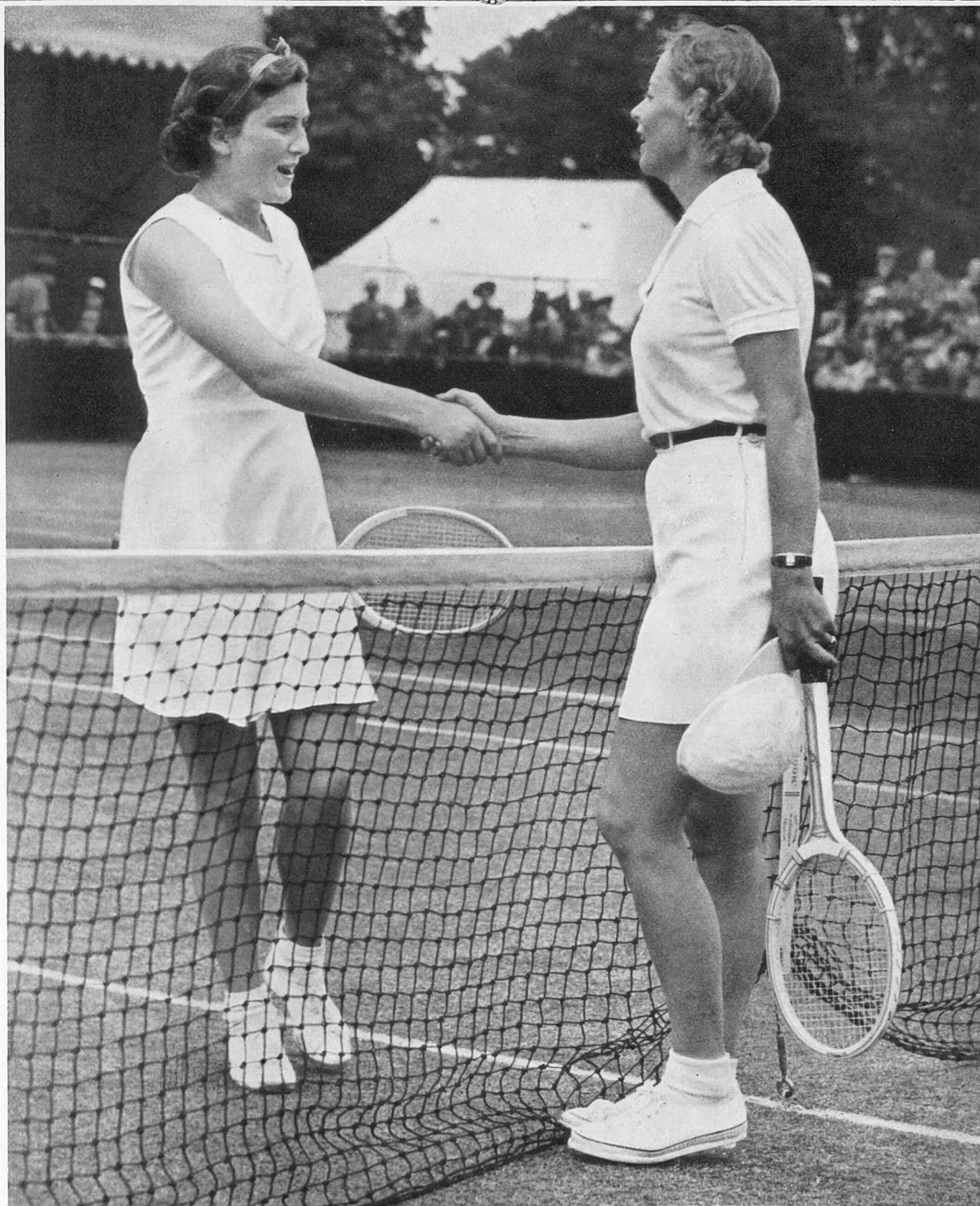
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BRAVO, JEAN! BEATEN—BUT ONLY JUST!

JEAN NICOLL AND ALICE MARBLE, U.S.A. CHAMPION

To stand up to America's Number One for an hour and ten minutes of very stern battle and to take fourteen games off her, including one set at 8—6, is about the most heartening thing that has happened in British lawn tennis for many a long day. Sixteen-year-old Jean Nicoll has put new life into this game, and though championship honours at Wimbledon this year may elude her, the future looms very big with possibilities. Another picture of Jean Nicoll appears on page 554 in this issue



A WARM AND GRATEFUL WELCOME HOME TO THEIR MAJESTIES

The King and Queen will reach Southampton in the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Britain* at two-forty-five tomorrow, June 22, and the welcome which awaits them from their own country will be of a very special brand of enthusiasm and affection. The Canadian and American tour has caused the Sovereign and his Consort to be even more endeared in the hearts of the people of the Realm than ever before, and that feeling is linked with an emotion of great pride in an achievement which will stand for ever as a great landmark in the history of the whole British Empire. Their Majesties will be met at Southampton by Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood. Southampton will be *en fête* and all business suspended in honour of so great and auspicious an occasion

"It must be strange, by the way, for Lady Fearnley to be 'my Lady' to servants in England and 'Fru' to her staff in Norway."

A Daily Column.

THAT the silly season has evidently begun early may be a comfortable sign politically, or it may mean that silliness has decided to have its fling before the post-harvest crisis. Not being Madame Tabouis, I wouldn't know. In the H of C (letters also meaning Hot and Cold) there is a persistent rumour to the effect that Madame Tabouis and Mr. Harold Nicolson are one and the same super being. The former was not present at the Anglo-French Parliamentary Committee's unreported dinner to General Gamelin, but no doubt, like me, she spent an interesting evening as a crumb on the carpet of the Harcourt Room, where about seventy members sat at smallish tables decorated with not too obviously red, white and blue flowers. The food smelt much better than usual, but it is to be hoped that General Gamelin does not attach a *gourmet's* importance to his meals when in allied

And the World Said—



Dennis Moss

LADY YULE AND M. HARRY ASSELBERGS

Lady Yule, the widow of the late Sir David Yule, who was rated one of the richest men Calcutta had ever known, has financed the Quadrille Ride and the Tandem Ride at the International Horse Show at Olympia. M. Harry Asselbergs, a famous Dutch specialist, trained the performers in the grounds of Lady Yule's home, Hanstead House, St. Albans

territory. I admired his absolute impassiveness. This must be the most expressionless military countenance since Haig's, though Lord Gort is not exactly india-rubber-faced. No one wants a general to go beaming and bubbling and registering facile reactions for the public prints. We have a Minister of War for that. Precise, young-looking, controlled, correct, the French army chief made an excellent, far from negative, impression on a company which, though representative of all parties, showed a preponderance of those who view the Government's policy objectively, to say the least. Miss Ward was the only woman. The Chairman, Brigadier-General Edward Spears (also seen at the reopening of the Dancing Floor at the Ritz), spoke well—better than he does in the House—and the short part of his welcome said in French, was free from accent. General Spears has French relations, country neighbours of M. Flandin's, whom he visits in the summer recess. Inevitably there were many platitudinous expressions of *entente cordiale* in the speeches by Mr. Arthur Greenwood (Deputy Leader of the Socialists in the absence of Mr. Attlee, who is getting over an operation): Sir "Archie" Sinclair and Mr. Anthony Eden, joint proposers of the General's health. But they were well-phrased speeches, pleasantly and, in Mr. Eden's case, feelingly delivered. Mr. Greenwood, having referred to himself as a Yorkshireman and to the ties between

England and France, became a target for Sir "Archie" who pointed out that while England and France are great friends NOW, Scotland and France have been friends for six centuries. The Scots always did their best, he said, to distract the attention and so split the armies of those English kings who were engaged in invading France. When Mr. Eden rose, an elderly member grumbled to his neighbours, "I should like to have heard a REAL Tory," but afterwards all agreed that no one could have done better than the ex-Foreign Secretary, who chose to tell a story of twenty-one years ago, when his unit was billeted in the mutilated remains of a once beautiful *château*. An officer in the *Chasseurs à Pied* (General Gamelin's corps) called to ask if they would be so good as to let him look over the ruins because it had been his home. To young Eden fell the awkward duty of acting host to the owner who had not set eyes on his family place for four years. They went round in silence, the Frenchman remote and evidently deep in memories. His companion tried haltingly to express sympathy, knowing how immeasurably the desolation must grieve its owner. All the chasseur answered was "*Merci ce n'est rien—c'était pour La France.*"

If General Gamelin's capable and steady speech—which he read—did not set the Thames on fire, the Marquis de Vogüé's reply to the Italian claims at the Annual General Meeting of the Suez Canal Company must have brought the yellow Tiber to the boil. He dissipated a dozen *canards* of Italian propaganda (Rome has even spread that the canal's designer, de Lesseps, was an impostor who stole the plans from an Italian engineer!) and insisted upon British, French and Egyptian interests coming first for the obvious reason that the canal is in Egyptian territory and the biggest shareholders are Great Britain and France. Not that Members of Parliament will pay attention to anything so lucid as the Marquis's mental processes; fortunately the canal is still largely France's affair. Members are enjoying—or not—according to temperament—the Terrace Season. It is the draughtiest place in London in a heat wave, and fashionable friends, as well as constituents are fishing for invites, to use the Scotch noun. Mrs. Mavis Tate, whose constituency is wisely trying to retain her, bustles



Lenare

THE HON. LADY LASCELLES AND HER DAUGHTER, CAROLINE

The wife of the very popular new knight, Sir Alan Lascelles, Assistant Private Secretary to the King, who conferred the accolade upon him at a private investiture in the Royal train when travelling between Niagara and Washington. It is believed that this is the first time that this has ever happened. The Hon. Lady Lascelles is the eldest of Lord Chelmsford's sisters. Sir Alan and Lady Lascelles have one other daughter besides the younger one seen in the picture, Lavinia, and both are friends of the little Princesses



Vandyk

THE COUNTESS HOWE

A very charming portrait of the wife of the famous motor-racing peer, a picture of whom appears on page 560. Lady Howe has just given birth to a daughter



LORD AND LADY RANFURLY AT THE "STAGE COACH" FILM PREMIERE

The film is in the best tradition of the most exciting "Westerns" and every one who went to the Odeon *première* last week was duly thrilled to the marrow. Lady Ranfurly, who was married this year, was formerly Miss Hermione Llewellyn

about hatless in floral print; Colonel Moore-Brabazon strolls absently; Mr. Maxton does not disdain a pot of tea in this social setting; Mr. "Bartle" Bull awaits his purposeful, Chicago born wife; the Charles Richmond-Browns (handsome Audrey Baring in shamrock green) are escorted by a Member; and Mr. Charles Emmott is entertaining a series of select tea-parties (Mrs. "Rollie" Cubitt for one) between

divisions. This hard-working, cultured young man also entertains in a peaceful manner in Chelsea, where he has unconsciously created the atmosphere of an eighteenth-century gentleman's house, plus contemporary plumbing. And he is a gardener, with no false pride about common or garden geraniums. In his celadon green drawing-room there are silver snuff boxes, Worcester teacups, and a print or two of his maternal, ancestral castle—Inverary—where the Duke of Argyll is in residence. The Duke of Atholl and his duchess, whose busy seriousness is missed at Westminster, were hosts not long since to many who supported her in the lost election. Their afternoon party took place in the ballroom at Blair, which is open to the public at certain times, along with the main part of the castle and the gardens. This is an impressive room with its portraits, banners and fascinating one-foot-high military statues of all the Highland regiments. My Perthshire crony admired the yellow and white tea-set, borne in by kilted servants, and embossed with an "A." Completely unbreakable, "Bardie" demonstrated its practicability by letting fall several plates. This ducal slapstick was almost Hollywood. Admiring the feat were, among others, Sir Stanley Norrie-Millar of Cleve; Sir James Robertson Wilson of Inverrossachs; Mr. Brodrick Chinnery-Haldane of Gleneagles; their wives; and Lord Sempill's energetic aunt, Miss Forbes-Sempill, in a tartan skirt. A Gaelic enthusiast, she is busy now organizing National Service. Writing a week or two ago about the fine response made by Scotland's young men, there was not enough space to cite the feminine counterpart. I apologize for Ladies Second, but here goes. Twice weekly

And the World said—*continued*

sessions are being held at Abercainry where Mrs. "Jaimie" Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray (Jean Scott) has banded those willing to undertake voluntary nursing. Workers include her sister-in-law Mrs. Wilkins; amusing Mrs. Anthony Murray, of Dollerie, who was Swiss; pretty Joan Piper, of Millcarne; Mrs. Hugh Harris who runs a roadhouse-cum-petrol station near Gleneagles Hotel; and Mrs. Douglas Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, of Monzie, whose daughter was recently christened Veronica Anne in the drawing-room, Scots fashion. Monzie Castle, once a Campbell domain, was cursed, not altogether ineffectually, by a famous witch, but when the late and great Sir Robert Lorimer re-designed the house, a luckier spell began. The young Laird, who only recently moved in, is occupied with preparations for a huge Scout rally or Mammoth Moot, next month, at which Lord Glentanar will deputise for the Duke of Gloucester. In Edinburgh Miss Hersey Baird, of Lennoxlove (whose sister and brother had babies within twenty-four hours, both boys) is working for the F.A.N.Y.S., as are dozens of girls, including Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark's sister; Miss Catherine Hotham and Miss Margaret Mackenzie, of Dolphinton, who also runs the Scottish office of Lord Baldwin's Refugee Fund. Choosing worthy immigrants by long-distance telephone is a big responsibility for a young girl, but she is not Miss Florence Horsburgh's niece for nothing. Heredity counts in men, women and horses, so Mr. Howard Spring's statement, in lieu of a review of "Bernard's Brethren," that he does not know who his own grandparents were therefore cannot be expected to care about Shaw's origin, is glaringly illogical and not what the average reader, however democratic, wants to know about this interesting compilation of Shavian ancestry by G.B.S.'s cousin, Mr. Charles Shaw. Many who are thronging the British Pavilion at the World's Fair solely to study the genealogical exhibits do not know who their ancestors were, beyond the fact of coming from English, Scots, Irish or Welsh stock, and they are now one hundred per cent democratic Americans, but as I said last week there is no mistaking the interest taken. This is not snobbery, and if it is, it is human and wholly admirable, bound up with having a sense of history which feels the continuity of things from Adam's Apple to Adolf's *Kampf*.

Though it is undesirable to live overmuch in the past, it is delightful to cherish same, which is why the opening to the public of Disraeli's old home, Hughenden, for which the Langley-Taylors are having a Buckinghamshire gathering, is one of the biggest country events of the week, and why Miss Susan Hambro and her co-hosts, Miss Kathleen Hennessy and Messrs. Profumo and "Robin" Grosvenor, gave the best party of the year by simply telling their friends to wear the attire of the Naughty Nineties. Susan and her brother Edward are two of the most charming, sweetly-mannered young people of today, and handsome Lady Hambro looked justly proud of their success. Every detail had been thought of; even side whiskers for the band, antimacassars for the chairs, aspidistras on the landings and a couple of hansom cabs on the kerb. The same attention to detail and solicitude for the enjoyment of individuals was shown by Mr. Peter Stewart who, single-handed, filled the Carlton Cinema with nine hundred more or less well knowns, all friends or acquaintances of his own, for the world *première* of *Louise*, with Grace Moore as the operatic heroine. It was not popular Peter's fault that the heat wave was the top and the movie the bottom of my experience. Miss Moore's singing is pleasing, of course, but this is a picture which should never have been made. *Voilà!* The soon-to-be affianced Senhorita Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, who has

more poise than most ambassadors, brought a dinner party of fourteen. The Duchess of Northumberland, the Mountbattens, the Carisbrookes, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, Lady Maud Carnegie, and those of the Corps Diplomatique who were not at the French Embassy function, filled the house. It was a personal triumph for the host, but I wished this could have been a charity opening; however there were difficulties and with the increasing cost of living it is becoming hard to catch enough golden geese for every function. One of the worthiest "small" causes is run by Mrs. Gerald Montagu, a cultured woman with a talent for amateur acting, who bears her share of the world's cares, in particular the Black Lake Home, near Farnham, where women who could not otherwise afford holidays after their babies are born, can rest in ideal surroundings for a moderate fee. This place takes care of the monstrously neglected lower-middle and professional classes, entirely forgotten by legislators except when its men are wanted for the Defence of the Realm. Every woman, in fortunate circumstances, who has had a baby might send a thanksgiving to the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Montagu, The Loft, Groom Place, London, S.W.1; an action guaranteed to make the giver feel good.

Charity events in Paris are the barometer of prosperity. M. André de Fouquières auctioned a vanity case for 52,000 fcs. at the crowded Ambassadeurs the other night, which shows that the French have decided to circulate again, in two senses. At this elegant Gala des Bluets the most entrancing of those whom Erskine Gwynne calls the *Epatantes Jeunes Filles* was Mlle Margery de Wardener, of the international set, whose engagement to an American with a business in Berlin is on the tapis. The international set was thick on Mrs. Cartwright's carpet at her eve-of-Ascot dance in Upper Brook Street. The portrait painter, Conte Uberto Pallastrelli, and his fair-skinned wife being among the most attractive. Although such an experienced American-born hostess can be relied on to give a really good party every time, this ran above her own high average. It was definitely the best-dressed evening for weeks. Lady Alexandra Haig and the Rane of Pudukota were almost the same neatly-printed model; Lady Inchcape was in white and so was Mrs. Julie Thompson with a bead-embroidered bolero. The Lords Portarlington and FitzWilliam, and the Ladies Lyons (new title as yet unselected) and Headfort appeared to be in gala mood, and Madame Vincent Paravicini was in the prettiest dress by a long chalk, or bead, with a beaded apron and pockets, which looked deliciously Swiss Schiaparelli to me. She danced with her handsome husband whose father and mother were dining at the Ritz that night in Mary Borden's large party which included Lady Mary Packe and her husband Sir Edward Packe. Lady Mary has an interesting face as befits a sister of Lady Victor Paget. The nice Howard Kerrs were dining and dancing very happily *à deux* after about ten years of matrimony. He is the Duke of Gloucester's equerry, and a cousin of Lord Lothian whose personality will make as

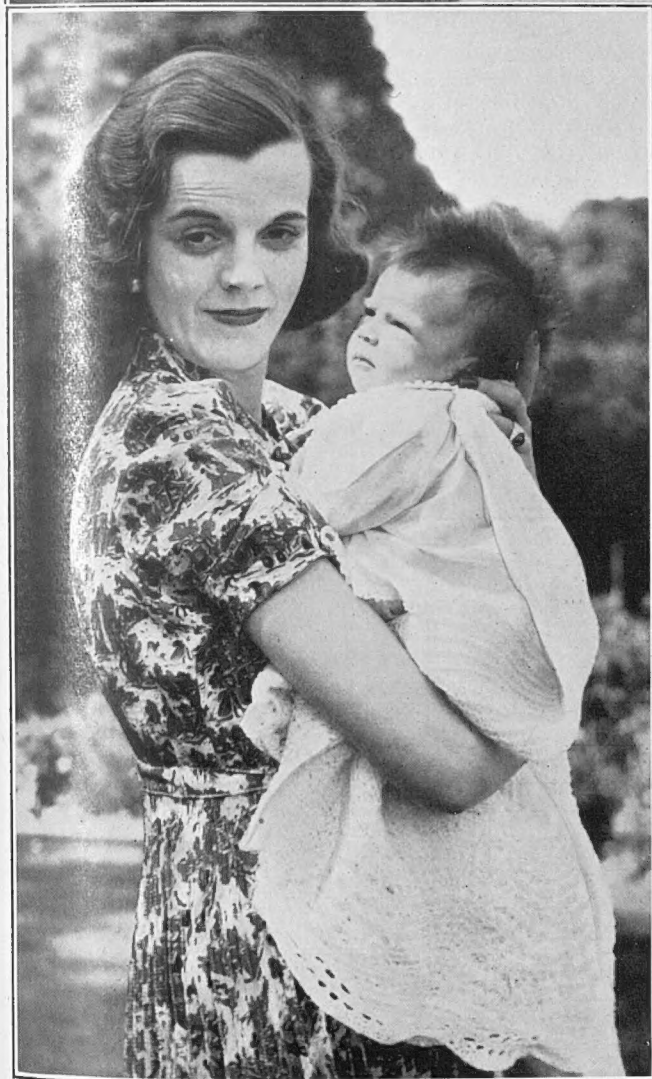
much news in America, I guess, as Mr. Kennedy's has here. Major Keith Menzies and a lovely lady, unknown to me, had the table inside the door. Lovely ladies at Ascot on the opening day, which was somewhat chilly and flat owing to the cold and the absence of the King and Queen, included Mrs. Charles Sweeny in her brown get-up, escorted by her father-in-law; Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles (who I repeat is the best-looking young racegoer today) in the neatest of double blues. Mrs. David Walker - Heneage whose *eau de nil* halo matched her clothes; Mrs. Douglas Faulkner whose peaches and cream complexion was set off by a shiny red hat; and rose-cheeked Lady Maitland. She and young Lord Maitland forgot to sign their vouchers. More Ascot musing next week.



AT THE GUARDS BOAT CLUB BALL

After a cheerless day's racing at Ascot many people went on to the Guards Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead, and in the picture are Lady Alexandra Cadogan, younger sister of Lord Cadogan, sitting one out with Mr. R. G. Buchanan. There were boats handy for any one who wanted to go for a row!

More pictures of this event in next week's issue.



THE HON. MRS. SHERMAN
STONOR AND HER DAUGHTER, JULIA

STATELY STONOR
PARK AND THE HON.
MRS. SHERMAN
STONOR AND HER
DAUGHTER AT
ASSENDON

Assendon Lodge is one of the houses on the Stonor estate, and incidentally, is a very attractive abode. The wedding of Lord Camoys' son and heir to the former Miss Jeanne Stourton, took place at Brompton Oratory last July, and the little daughter was about six weeks old when these pictures, the first on record, were taken. One of the baby's god-parents is the Infanta Maria Cristina of Spain and hence Cristina is one of Julia Stonor's names. Stonor Park, of which a beautiful view is produced in the picture at the top, is of venerable age, and the private chapel even more so. The tower dates back to early Norman times, about 1150, in King Stephen's extremely troublous reign



AND ANOTHER PICTURE
WITH WATCH-DOG

Photos: Swaebe

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Westerns and Mr. Chips

QUITE the most important thing during the week's pictures has been the newsreel of the Royal Tour through Canada. I saw this at the Odeon and noted its extraordinary effect. "Lumme, they won't 'arf get a welcome when they come home!" said a voice, and that seemed to sum up the situation better than any comment of mine. Included in the same programme was a wonderful travel film showing the deserted city of Palmyra, and those ruins which Technicolor makes so magnificently rose-red. The commentary to this was done intelligently and by a man with an educated voice. The commentator very cleverly assumed that the audience knew all about Antony and Cleopatra, but very little if anything at all about Queen Zenobia. And, of course, the whole secret of popular journalese consists in not insulting readers by telling them who Napoleon was, but being communicative and forthcoming on the subject of, say, Charlemagne. Anyhow, this was an astoundingly beautiful little picture composed entirely of sunlight, fallen stones and nostalgia. I could have subsided into that reflective vein which begins with recollection of Omar's:

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep

The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;

And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the wild Ass

Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

But presently the plaint of melancholy dissolved into the quack of Donald Duck, and all was well!

"I had often wondered why, when people talked to me of Tintoretto, I always found myself thinking of Turgéneff. It seemed to me strange that I should think of Turgéneff instead of thinking of Tintoretto; for at first sight nothing can be more far apart than the Slav mind and the Flemish." Thus Sir Max Beerbohm in his famous parody of George Moore. I have often noticed that people talk glibly of Maupassant when they really mean Bret Harte, and really there does not seem to be much in common between these two writers except their common humanity. Several people have told me that in the latest of the Westerns, the film called *Stage Coach* at the Odeon, the central incident—the tending of the nice girl's baby by the saloon draggletail—is Maupassant's *Boule de Suif* all over again. It is, of course, nothing of the sort. The incident derives straight from one of the best-known of the Bret Harte stories. But then, whereas Maupassant is still popular, I take it that Bret Harte, whose centenary falls this year, has faded. The story in *Stage Coach* seems to me to be neither here nor there. In other words, I hold that it is just good ordinary Western stuff, and I am not ashamed to confess that I dozed through some of it. The real business of the film seems to me to start with the Indians' attack on the coach, though here again one must first make a suspension of disbelief. In what particular? Simply this, that I do not believe that six horses harnessed to a coach can gallop as fast as a mounted Indian. But for mile after mile the coach in this film outpaces the Indians who, like panting Time, toil after it in vain. The point, of course, is the provision of ten exciting minutes in the cinema, and the justification is that the ten minutes turn out to be as exciting as any I can easily remember. There are feats of horsemanship which outvie anything to be seen in the wildest moments of our agricultural shows. One of these days I should like to go to Arizona and witness the shooting of scenes like this pursuit of the coach, always presuming that the film really is American and that the whole thing is not happening at Pinner! It is hard to be sure these days. Only by making a personal visit would one be able to know how much of this kind of film making is fake. Consider that scene in which an Indian flings himself on to the backs of the leading pair of horses. He is shot from the box, and falls to the ground between the two horses, and avoiding twenty-four hooves and the coach wheels he emerges at the tail end unscathed! But I suggest that this is a very good film from whichever angle you take it.

If one is determined to have a bath of sentiment, the bath may as well be full. In writing *Good-bye, Mr. Chips!* Mr. James Hilton had in mind the creation of a tear-compeller. This being so, it only remains to ask whether the tears are compelled. They are. This popular picture of a schoolmaster



AT A RECENT RATHBONE SUPPER PARTY

Heather Thatcher thought she would like to sing a solo, so Edward G. Robinson very kindly conducted the orchestra for her and the result was terrific. Edward G. Robinson plays the part of the spy chaser in that enthralling film at the Warner Theatre, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, which opened there last Friday. The film deals with a Federal round-up of Nazi agitators in America and purports to show the hidden hand of Nazi-ism at work, and to crusade in favour of freedom. This picture is a thorough exposure of the actions of those followers of that particular creed

has never seemed to me, either in the novel, the play or the film, a fully convincing one. Old Chips is not to my way of thinking anything like so well drawn as a very similar character in Mr. George Orwell's new novel, "Coming Up For Air":

You can't look at him without seeing the way he's lived written all over him. Public school, Oxford, and then back to his old school as a master. Whole life lived in an atmosphere of Latin, Greek and cricket. He's got all the mannerisms. Always wears an old Harris tweed jacket and old grey flannel bags which he likes you to call "disgraceful," smokes a pipe and looks down on cigarettes, and though he sits up half the night I bet he has a cold bath every morning. I suppose from his point of view I'm a bit of a bounder. I haven't been to a public school, I don't know any Latin and don't even want to. He tells me sometimes that it's a pity I'm "insensible to beauty," which I suppose is a polite way of saying I've got no education. All the same, I like him. He's very hospitable in the right kind of way, always ready to have you in and talk at all hours, and always got drinks handy. When you live in a house like ours, more or less infested by women and kids, it does you good to get out of it sometimes into a bachelor atmosphere, a kind of book-pipe-fire atmosphere. And the classy Oxford feeling of nothing mattering except books and poetry and Greek statues, and nothing worth mentioning having happened since the Goths sacked Rome—sometimes that's a comfort too. . . .

I've never seen his sitting-room when it wasn't dim with pipe smoke. The ceiling is almost black. It's a smallish room, and except for the door and the window and the space over the fireplace, the walls are covered with books from the floor right up to the ceiling. On the mantelpiece there are all the things you'd expect—a row of old briar pipes, all filthy, a few Greek silver coins, a tobacco jar with the arms of old Porteous's College on it, and a little earthenware lamp which he told me he dug up on some mountain in Sicily. Over the mantelpiece there are photos of Greek statues. There's a big one in the middle of a woman with wings and no head who looks as if she was stepping out to catch a bus. . . .

It seems to me that this single page has more of veracity than the whole novel enshrining Mr. Chips. But since it is not veracity but the lump in the throat which playgoers and flimgoers are seeking, let it be said that the film of Mr. Chips will probably fill the Empire for weeks to come. Mr. Robert Donat gives a very good performance, and it was exceedingly amusing of him to conceive that Chips in the Tyrol should look exactly like William Archer when he went on his famous walking tour with A. B. Walkley.

ASCOT ON ROYAL HUNT CUP DAY

CAPTAIN AND MRS. OSWALD
MARMADUKE BELLMR. AND MRS. NIGEL SEELY
ARRIVE ON THE SCENETHE RT. HON. ALFRED DUFF
COOPER AND LADY O'NEILLLORD VAUGHAN WITH LADY
SARAH SPENCER-CHURCHILLSIR JOHN AND LADY CAREW-POLE
AND A FRIENDLORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY
AND MISS CLIFTON BROWN

Going good: weather spotty and not over kind to that part of the Ascot audience which is such a formidable rival to the flowers on the decorative side of things. The lovely dresses have not been given a fair show this year by that misogynist Jupe Pluvius. The racing as ever was first class and not the least pleased man there was gallant Sir Abe Bailey, who they say was as delighted over Caerlepton's win in the Hunt Cup as he was over those Gold Cup victories in the past by Foxlaw and Tiberius. As to a few personal remarks another racing notability with beautiful wife is Captain O. M. H. Bell, trainer of Rockfel, whose absence from Ascot was a sore disappointment to so many of us. If any one deserves a bit of relaxation it is a politician and Mr. Duff Cooper seemed to think so and also to be bearing up well under the strain of the times. Lady O'Neill, who is with him, is wife of Lord O'Neill and daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris. Mr. Nigel Seely is a brother of the baronet, Sir Hugh, and is in the Auxiliary Air Force. Lord Vaughan, who is on pleasant escort duty to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's eldest daughter, is Lord Lisburne's son and heir. Captain Sir John Carew-Pole, seen advancing to the fray with charming wife and friend, is in the Coldstream and Lord Amherst (see picture with Miss Clifton Brown) is a Captain in the Blues. More pictures on other pages



HUNT CUP DAY AT ASCOT

Lady Victoria Scott, Mrs. Robin Wilson and the Hon. Peter Beatty whom some think the luckiest owner on the turf—but it may be otherwise—good judgment. Bois Roussel, last year's Derby winner, was no pig in a poke purchase. Lady Victoria Scott is Lord Haig's younger sister

AFTER the last few dreary days racing it was a relief to get to Ascot. At Gatwick a tolerable attendance of bookmakers and their satellites had watched for two days diminutive fields of horses, too bad to bet on, running for stakes so small that most owners would not risk horses to run for them on the going. I think the other spectator went on the Saturday as well, but I don't know what for.

Never have I seen the course at Ascot in better condition. Admirably watered, and with the right covering of grass there wasn't a jar in an acre of it. It was a pity that the weather broke on the Tuesday morning with cold and occasional rain causing the women who had brought coats to look rather dowdy and the ones who hadn't to look very "tucked up." Despite the absence of their Majesties, which makes all of us feel that the meeting is lacking in something, the enclosure was pretty full of the blameless. In this connexion I am told of a man who pulled a fast one on his allegedly erring spouse by serving her with divorce papers in time to prevent her getting her badge, but delaying putting the case on the files till he had got one for himself. Can any one blame her, if in the desire to get a divorce from such a petty-minded man, she chose a fate which is so popularly if erroneously said to give weight to death.

Walking along the road by the tents I found a beautiful new tipster who modestly describes himself as the "Mystery Wizard of the South." Trading on the deeply ingrained love of the honest British public of thinking they are in up to the eyes in an appalling turf swindle he opens up:

"I doesn't say Lord Durby wouldn't do nothing wrong—not for money, but there's others. What about that jockey and 'orse we saw lassaturday?"

To which his friend replies in a parrot-like way. "If all the jockeys 'ad their desserts there wouldn't be no pleadin' Ascot. But what are we goin' to do about it, Clinton?" The man with the name straight out of *Esquire* is on to



THE PRINCESS ALY KHAN

Whose husband had Neuvy running in the Hunt Cup and it finished out of a place. Neither Prince Aly Khan nor his famous sire, the Aga Khan, have been winning out of their turn this season

up on nearly all courses, and the one great point they tried to make was consideration for owners and public. The north is rather out of one's beat, but I have always found that this is unquestionably so, and their hospitality could not be greater.

Despite the absence of the King and Queen there seem to be a lot of ball dances and cocktail
(Continued on page xviii)

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

his cue in a flash. "Make use of them and make money for ourselves," he says, and for a few coppers gives away his inside information on their nefarious plots to scores of grateful chawbacons.

Time Step met his first reverse in the Queen Anne Stakes, and couldn't even finish in the first three. Appearances are deceptive, but he doesn't look like an Ascot horse, and certainly didn't run like one. In the Vase the French horses carried all before them, and incidentally gave Herbert Blagrove a very nice win. His French purchases, to try and get together a stable of stayers, have done him very well. Money was poured out of hoses on to Denturius, who on his past performances was a doubtful sort of animal to go gambling on. He ran gamely enough, but the Aga's two-year-olds have just started to come into their own, and a very nice colt by Bahram (his first winning two-year-old) won fairly easily with another from the same stable by Rustom Pasha second. The Queen Mary form one cannot help thinking must be rather moderate. Great Truth ran well below expectations while Tumult and Golden Way ran rather above them. If these are our best fillies then I am sure they are a long way behind the colts.

The Derby form has worked out well so far in the meeting, and I am sure will continue to do so. Heliopolis is a steadily improving horse, and while Grand Union was left with far too much to do there was great merit in the performance of the winner.

Over a glass of brandy and a cup of coffee, one of the best-known clerks of the course in the north took me to task over an article I wrote on the methods of race-courses. While agreeing on every point as regards some courses, and on most points with regard to racing in the south he asked me to say that in the north of England and in Scotland new stands and amenities had been put



IN GOOD HEART: MRS. MARK PILKINGTON AND MR. PHILLIPS

It is not reported whether this picture was taken before or after the originals had backed Sir Abe Bailey's Caerlloptic at 100 to 8 for the big race. The weather behaved better but still not as well as it should have done

MORE



LORD LOUGHBOROUGH AND
MISS OLGA VENNING



MR. ALASTAIR STEWART, MISS BRIDGET
SMILEY, AND MISS SUSAN BLIGH

ASCOT



LADY MILBANKE AND LADY LONG
OF WRAXALL



MR. ROBERT SWEENEY, SR.,
AND MRS. CHARLES SWEENEY



LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS AND HER
DAUGHTER, LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT



MR. AND MRS. ROBIN
FILMER-WILSON

Even though it was colder than Iceland on the first day of Ascot, it did not seem to affect anyone's spirits to any noticeable extent. A few records were broken—smallest crowd since the war, "Tote" receipts quite a bit down, and "Frawn" won the Ascot Stakes for the second time straight off the reel: this last the only satisfactory one. As to a catalogue of the picture gallery, Lord Loughborough, Lady Milbanke's son by her former marriage, was on the way with Miss Venning to see "Frawn," the horse with the portmanteau name, win his race. Lady Milbanke is in the picture on right at top with Lady Long, both suitably protected against the quite icy blast. A part of the numerous young brigade are in the centre, and Miss Smiley, who is amongst them, is a granddaughter of the late Sir Hugh Smiley. Miss Bligh is a daughter of the Hon. Noel Bligh, Lord Darnley's brother. No Ascot could possibly be convicted of being dowdy if Mrs. Charles Sweeny were there. Lady Blanche Douglas is the Duke of Beaufort's only surviving sister, and is with her younger daughter by her marriage to the late Lord St. Germans. Mr. Robin Filmer-Wilson, seen with very attractive wife, is the youngest son of the Squire of Tranby Croft, Major Arthur Wilson

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



LORD MAUGHAM—THE LORD
CHANCELLOR

From the portrait by Honor Earl

The artist is the Lord Chancellor's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Sebastian Earl, and she is holding an exhibition of her work, the quality of which needs no emphasising, from June 20 onwards, at Reens-Artä, 31, Bruton Street. The proceeds are to be given in aid of German and Austrian refugee children. Mr. Somerset Maugham, the famous dramatist, is Honor Earl's uncle, and the portrait of him on the right will be acknowledged by all who know him to be a very excellent one indeed. There are many other portraits of well-known people in this exhibition, and also some fine studies of many different racial types

be with them brings out any brilliance which we may possess, and so we are consequently dazzled by our own superficial qualities. It is only when we are in deep sorrow, in harrowing anxiety, in a profound and hopeless distress that we find them wanting. Our gayer superficiality has deserted us, and so, when we are with them we feel alone. Then it is we turn towards those who, so to speak, belong to the roots of our lives, those who are grafted by close association to the dead years behind us, those with whom we have long sought comfort and in that comfort have found consolation. Or, at least, consolation in part: the rest is our own battle.

So it is that when we are anxious almost beyond bearing we turn to the dear old and familiar things. Books, for example, which we once loved and have now half-forgotten. Books which we may not have re-read for years, but remember them in our hour of need, rather as we may remember old scenes and once-familiar faces. An escape if you will? But then, if you don't occasionally escape from life there are times when it seems scarcely worth the struggle. Life is as much a dream as it is a reality. As a dream it is often lovely beyond description: as a reality—well, you form your own conclusions! So it is that lately, in odd moments, when I have yearned to shut out even the mere echo of a crisis, I have been re-reading old silent friends which I knew would give me that kind of welcome which in dreams we associate with a return home.

We each have our favourite among old favourites, and for me, when reality becomes as near to the unendurable as

Old Friendships.

REAL friendship has to be so long-suffering, so all-forgiving, so all-enduring, that the wonder is we have any real friends at all! Acquaintances, which look like friends, are so much more exciting, so much more entertaining; to

matters little, there is always Jane Austen. Well, either you are a Jane-ite or you are not. It is as clear-cut as that! You simply can't convert the "nots," and so it is useless to try. But the Jane-ites know each other at once without introduction. It is a bond between them as inseparable as the same sense of humour. I know of no old writer who takes me so utterly and completely into another world. While I am reading her I actually am in another world, and when I leave it behind me, as I close the book, it is as if I had suddenly stepped out of an existence with which I am as familiar as my own childhood. Many people I know and have known, but very few of them seem actually as real as the characters which that genius-of-a-Jane created for our entertainment. Mostly, from the point of get-on-and-get-there they are trivial people, leading trivial lives. But who cares? I don't! After, so to speak, the battle is won, Edwin still meets Angelina in the moonlight at the garden gate, and between them the hubbub is forgotten; the essential story of life has once again recommenced. Or it hasn't, and the dear sillies are consequently in an agony of suspense, by comparison with which nothing else matters.

Consequently, while re-reading "Mansfield Park," the present ghoulish reality of existence sank back until it became rather like a dull ache somewhere at the back of the mind. All my attention was centred on the association between Fanny Price and Edmund Bertram, Crawford and his sister Mary; with a glorious welcome for Lady Bertram and Mrs. Norris whenever they appeared. Did the gangster element in the totalitarian states harass me? Not at the instant. I was held in the grip of doubt as to whether Mary Crawford would rob Fanny of her Edmund and whether Sir Thomas Bertram would return in time to ruin the success of the theatricals. I knew the answer to each question, because I had read "Mansfield Park" many times before. Yet, such is the genius of Jane that there is no escape from her enchanting clutches. So to speak, she seizes hold of you and down go the walls of actual existence and up go the walls of her fictional world, and you, who are imprisoned therein, are as contentedly and as happily at home as if there were no real threats to civilisation or to life anywhere. Even for quite a long time afterwards they are the threats which seem unreal: reality is Mrs. Norris contriving to "remove one article from his sight which might have distressed him. The curtain over which she had presided with such talent and such success went off with her to her cottage, where she happened to be particularly in want of green baize."

The Latest "Everyman."

Many new books stared me in the face, but my eye chanced to light upon a new book in Dent's invaluable Everyman's Library. Richard Jefferies' "After London" and "Amaryllis at the Fair" (No. 951). I must confess that I had never read either story, and here they are collected in one small volume. I had always wanted to read them, but—you know how it often is! I am a great admirer of Jefferies, what books of his I have read. He dates almost less than any of the more famous old writers. Some people may not consider him of the first rank, and yet when it comes to a still-life picture of the country and country people he is unique. Maybe, moreover, he was not a novelist, and yet both "After London" and "Amaryllis" leave a deeper impression of something vital, something *told*, than many a story which moves along with the rhythm of a perfect plot.

"After London," for instance, begins with one of the finest pictures of the utter desolation which might overtake

(Continued on page 530).



MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

From the portrait by Honor Earl

AND YET MORE ASCOT



MISS VIRGINIA GILLIAT WITH
THE EARL OF DUDLEY



THE EARL OF WARWICK, MRS. SMITH BINGHAM
AND MAJOR GEOFF HARBORD



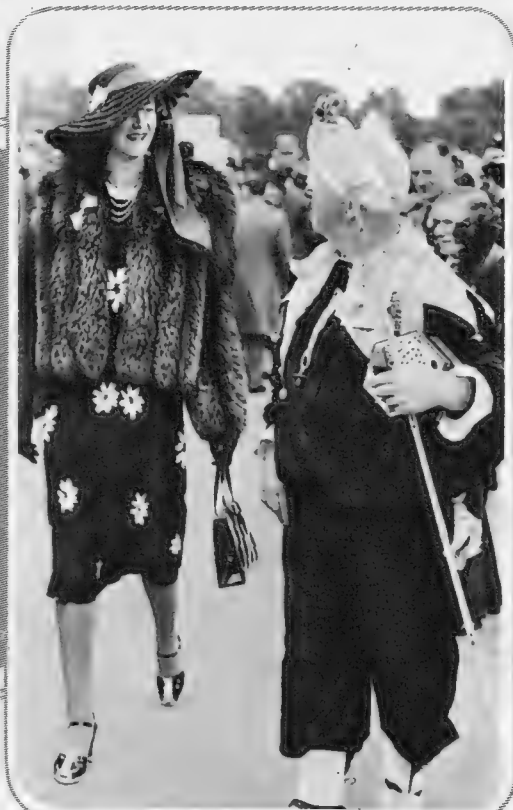
WINNERS?: MISS ELIZABETH WELLESLEY
AND MR. T. CLYDE



MR. HECTOR CHRISTIE AND LADY
JEAN DUNDAS, WHO ARE ENGAGED



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, MR. JOHN
BARRY RYAN, AND THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH



LADY WARRENDER WITH THAT
UBIQUITOUS "SMILER"

Here are yet some more people who wore neither golfing kit nor sweaters and slacks at the great carnival of last week—and none of them looking peculiarly depressed by the wind or anything else. The pundits tried to make us believe that it was rather a dowdy Ascot. This page contains some flat refutations of the suggestion, the charming lady with a fur cape over her shoulders walking with Lord Dudley for one; smart Mrs. Smith Bingham from Warwickshire for another, in the group with the nobleman who in Hollywood was known as "Michael Brook," and our very own racing adviser. There is also no suggestion of having been pulled through a hedge backwards about Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley's daughter (see above, with Mr. T. Clyde); nor about Lord and Lady Zetland's youngest daughter, whose engagement to Mr. Hector Christie was announced in May. He is the son of Mr. W. L. Christie, of Jervaulx Abbey, Yorkshire. Her Grace of Buccleuch and Lady Warrender furnish two more refutations. "Smiler" is the only person in anything like plus-fours—but that is his uniform

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

England were this country ever so devastated that a return to the primitive life of the jungle alone remained, which I have ever read or imagined. "Amaryllis" is just a still-life picture of rural England, as it was sixty-odd years ago; a prose poem of simple peace and beauty. And three characters in this superb tapestry stand out magnificently. Eden, the poor farmer, old, proud, hard-working, intellectual, and, maybe, because of his fine intellect, a defeatist, since half-way through the battle life had beaten him. To quote: "How truly sad and human, for to be human is to be sad, that men and women should be so warped and twisted by the pressure of the years out of semblance to themselves; that circumstances should so wall in their lives with insurmountable cliffs of granite facts, compelling them to tread the sunless gorge; that the coldness of death alone could open the door to pleasure." And Mrs. Eden, so valiant, yet so embittered, struggling to overcome her inner bitterness by a show of great valiancy, yet fearing always underneath that her life and all her thwarted desires will defeat her and those she loves in the end.

And Amaryllis herself—one of the most perfect characterisations of a country girl I have ever discovered in a book, a girl in whose nature there warred perpetually the defeatism of her father and the fighting quality of her mother. Asking only of life more and more beauty, and being awarded by circumstances only makeshift when not actually facing despair. "Amaryllis at the Fair" is a movingly beautiful story—so far as it goes. So far as it goes, because it seemed to me, as in "After London," the author got tired of his original conception, or left it, so to speak, "in the air," finding it impossible, perhaps, to lift the static quality of his scene and give it movement. Nevertheless, two stories so well worth reading, not alone for their own sake, but for the sake of those vivid passages of personal "Jefferies" which interrupt, without disturbing, the main narrative so often.

Gay Extravaganza.

Quite another dream world, however, is entered when you begin to read Margery Sharp's new novel, "Harlequin House" (Collins; 7s. 6d.). I write dream world advisedly, because you can't believe—indeed, you are not expected to—in either the story or the characters. It is gay extravaganza—with the gaiety a little strained perhaps; but this is only to be expected when you are watching performing puppets, however amusing. The keynote of the gaiety lies in the unexpected. Old Mr. Partridge looked rather like a retired verger, but he was a romantic at heart, and a mild revolutionary by nature. At least, when he read that people in a public park are requested not to pick the flowers or to walk on the grass he did both. In the same way Lisbeth looked like any lovely damsel, with long, shapely legs and a come-hither manner which astonished her rather when it was translated by young men as an invitation to love, rather than to small-talk. As a matter of fact, she really wanted

succour rather than love, because she was actually engaged to an officer so Scotch that his mind, as it were, was a kilned thistle. You see, she had a cherubic-looking young brother, who had been in prison for innocently peddling dope, and though he had no actual genius, his talent lay in making others work for him while he lolled—which, perhaps, can amount to genius sometimes. So when, on the strength of ten pounds, Lisbeth, accompanied by Mr. Partridge, always the knight, set up house in London in order to provide this young man with a home, they had to work very hard for him, especially as the Scotch officer had been led to believe, before he went East, that his fiancée's relation was safely shipped off to Canada there to do his duty in no matter what horrid state of life it pleased providence to place him.

So Mr. Partridge became the holder of a banner bearing a very strange device outside a Scotch tea-room in Oxford Street, and Lisbeth joined the ranks of the wanted women who did for a small payment anything a woman wanted another woman to do, from minding the baby to seeing grandma safely across the road. True, between them they found Lisbeth's brother a job colouring designs for brassières and ladies' underwear, but Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge had to do all the colouring in order to keep the job. So it goes on, and it is all very lively and very gay, and would have been even more amusing if you could care very much either way what happened to anybody. But it will pass an entertaining evening, and, for me, it will remain in the memory somewhere because of the picture it gives in the very beginning of a typical English seaside resort, where every natural beauty lies behind palings and there is no encouragement to be vile for miles and miles around—at least not, beyond a pin-table on the pier.



LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN

The wedding of Lord and Lady Bradford's younger daughter to Lord Cowdray is fixed for July 19, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, at 2.30. The bridegroom-elect, the non-playing captain of our international polo team, will be on his way home from America very shortly. Another wedding in Lord Cowdray's family is impending, as his sister, the Hon. Daphne Pearson, is engaged to Mr. John Lakin, who was a reserve for our polo team

Harlip

Dew Ponds.

I live in a part of the world where dew ponds, for some strange reason, are still regarded with a mild kind of awe as things associated with something miraculous—a little uncanny, with a lot of the fairy-element attached to them. Well, here is an interesting little book which explains—the romantic may regard it as explains away—dew ponds. It is called "Dew Ponds in Fable and Fact" (Country Life; 3s. 6d.), by Alfred J. Pugsley. Nevertheless, the fact still remains that, though they are not fed by drainage from more than a few feet, yet they resist droughts—or, at any rate, some do. However, fallacies are always more popular than facts, so not everybody will care to know that dew ponds are not fed by dew, and that they differ in character little from ordinary ponds if there be not a bottom layer of some kind of non-conductor to keep them dewy. Consequently, having destroyed the more popular fallacy one would have thought there was little more to be written about dew ponds. But there is, and Mr. Pugsley has given us a very interesting and readable little book to prove it.

CINEMA NEWS AND VIEWS



HARRY BAUR AND ANNIE DUCAUX IN A SCENE FROM THE NEW FRENCH FILM "BEETHOVEN"



MAUREEN FITZSIMMONS (MAUREEN O'HARA)
GOES RACING AT PHENIX PARK



LUISE RAINER STARS IN "BEHOLD THE BRIDE"
Maureen O'Hara, starred in the new Charles Laughton picture *Jamaica Inn*.
Luise Rainer is now playing the lead in that very successful play at the Shaftesbury, *Behold the Bride*. And Susan Hayward's latest picture for Paramount,
which is now in the course of production, has a title of *Our Leading Citizen*

The first important film dealing with the life of *Beethoven* has its première at the Curzon to-morrow evening, June 22. Harry Baur, whose magnificent character-studies have been seen in many films in this country—notably the *Golem*—plays the title rôle. The story of the film deals with the latter part of Beethoven's life from 1801 to 1827, which was the most tragic when, having declared his loyalty to the woman who loved him, Therese of Brunswick, played by Annie Ducaux, he lost the woman he really loved, the lovely Juliette Guicciardi. The film is directed by Abel Gance, who, it will be remembered, was responsible for *J'Accuse*. Maureen Fitzsimmons, who acts under the name of



SUSAN HAYWARD IN "OUR LEADING CITIZEN"

Concerning Golf

By HENRY LONGHURST

vigorous competition, he might take his place with the Padghams and Whitcombes.

This tournament was rendered worth while, if for nothing else, by the remark of the well-known Leeds city councillor, who observed that without Henry Cotton it was "like 'amlet without the b—— ghost"! Talking of which reminds me that Alderman Alf Masser was again in sparkling form.

As chairman of the Parks Committee, the municipal course at Temple Newsam comes under his ægis. In white Panama, white waistcoat, black and white shoes, striped tie, walking stick and cigar, he cut a striking figure as he referee'd the semi-final.

Dai Rees—"Never-say-Dai," as they call him—was a worthy winner, though he never led in the final against John Hargreaves until he won at the thirty-seventh hole. But then, how easy the game must be if you never miss from six feet! Rees's holing-out would be worth several thousand pounds to many a first-class professional.

Hargreaves, it is true, faltered when he was two up with three to play, but the Ryder Cup Selectors may care to note that in six rounds he scarcely had a single bad hole. Short and stockily built, he has the ideal three-quarter swing that rarely goes wrong, and proved himself a model of steadiness, with a fine, firm touch on the greens.

The Selectors, incidentally, may take my word for this, for I saw him play—which is more than can be said for most of them. I trust that they will keep themselves in touch with current form by regularly reading my reports.

That is a just criticism, but to level things up let me cast a stone at my own profession. Why does no newspaper tell me what happened in the United States Open Championship? It has been over, as I write, these two days or more. Yet my information is confined to a word-of-mouth report that three of them tied, that Densmore Shute was eliminated in the first play-off, and that Craig Wood and Byron Nelson, each with a 68, were left to play off again. What was the result? The last thing I saw in any British newspaper was a report that someone was leading after one round.

Again, if there is space for two columns of gossip and free advertising for Messrs. Doyle, Farr, their managers and the promoters of the never-eventuating battle between them, surely there is

space for the three words "*Yorkshire Evening News*"? Must it always be the "Leeds £750 tournament"?

Still, we journalists often give value for money. What about the man who at Leeds wrote "So-and-So's driving and approaching were beyond reproach—and his putting was equally bad"?



A MIXED GREENSOME FLAG COMPETITION
AT COOMBE HILL

The thanks must go to Captain Buckmaster for this very enjoyable day's golf which took place recently at Coombe Hill. Thirty couples entered and the weather being all that could be wished for, the event was naturally a great success. Among those taking part were Captain Coates, Lady Brecknock, who is a Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Mrs. R. Foster, and Lord Tennyson, a former all-England cricket team captain

SO France has beaten us at golf at last. Over the lovely course at Morfontaine, to the east of Paris, which I believe was reached by the Germans in the last war, they won all three foursomes and enough of the singles to get home by one point. The English team, let me say at once, was almost fully representative, though I am sorry in a way that our first defeat in this thoroughly enjoyable series should have happened in the year of Harry Bentley's captaincy.

Having won the French Championship two or three times, he was largely responsible for starting this annual match against the golfers of France. Had I not been compelled to rush home to attend the professional tournament in Leeds, I should have stayed in France for the International and been able to accept Harry's invitation to take part in the banquet and general celebration arranged for both teams by his friend, Mr. Vernon Sangster, of football pools fame. It seemed to do the Englishmen more good than the French, for their form was much improved on the Sunday.

The *Yorkshire Evening News* tournament was more fun than usual, largely on account of the presence of the Argentine contingent. Young Emilio Serra, of Uruguay, actually headed the list of qualifiers—which is mean achievement when you can hardly speak the language! He did well, too, in the match-play stages, but a fair criticism of his golf would be to say that he plays well but a lot too slowly. Like Locke in the bad old days, he swings like lightning but prepares for it like a snail. Martin Posé, who was beaten by the winner at the twentieth in the semi-final, is a most polished and stylish golfer with a delightfully smooth, rhythmical swing. With a few years of really

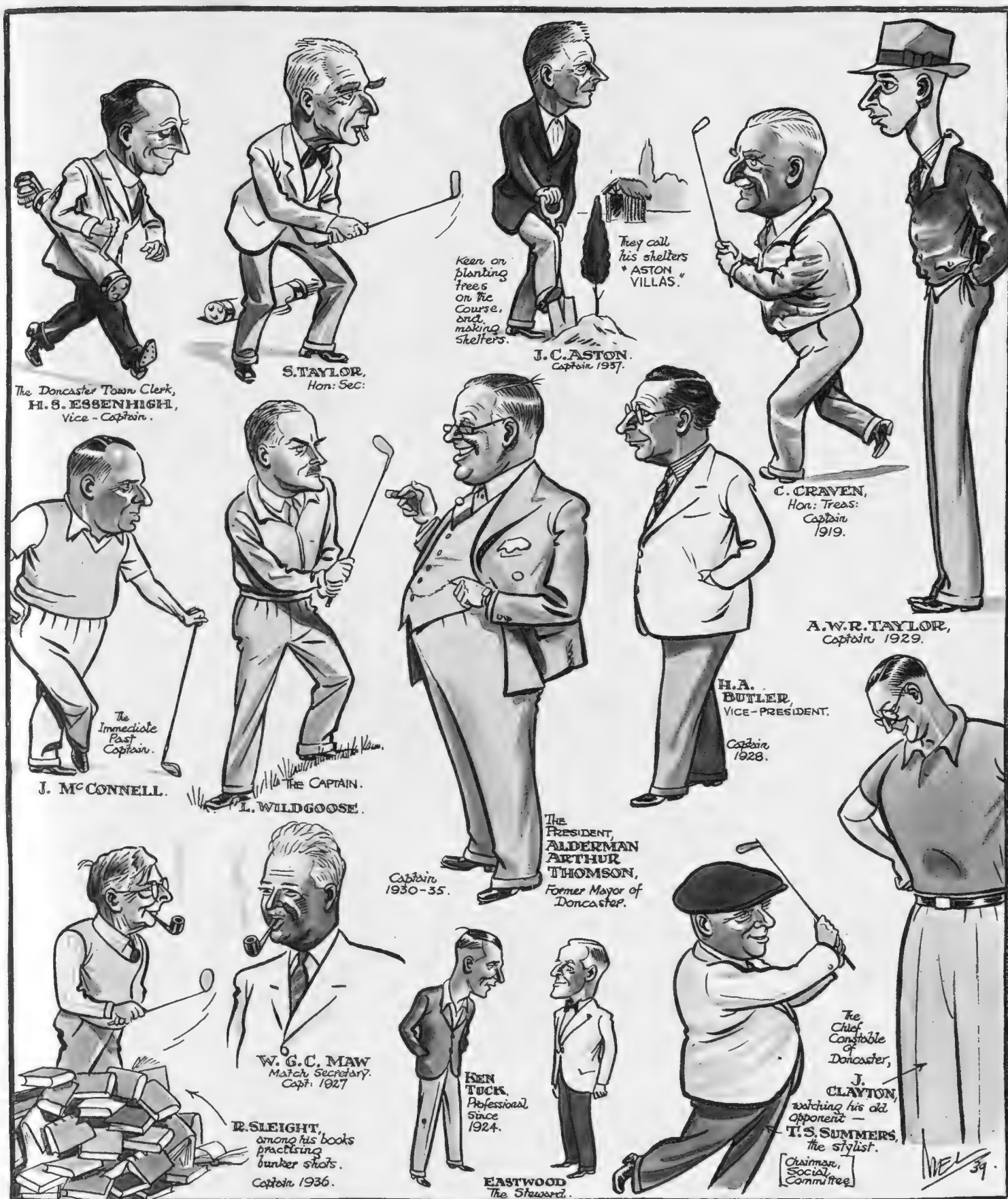


Swabe

MORE COMPETITORS AT COOMBE HILL

Mr. Michael Hornby partnered his sister-in-law, Lady Stavordale. Mrs. Hornby gave birth to a son last May. Before her marriage she was Miss Nicolette Ward, daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Cyril Ward (son of the second Lord Dudley), and a twin sister of Lady Stavordale. More photographs of this event on page 534

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



WHEATLEY GOLF CLUB, DONCASTER—BY "MEL"

This excellent Wheatley Golf Club at Armthorpe, Doncaster, was formed in 1912, and in those days was in Wheatley Park, the seat of Sir William Cooke. Five years ago the present course at Armthorpe was laid out by George Duncan, the former Open champion. The course is well constructed and is quite dry even after heavy rain, and has never been "burnt up" by the professionals. There are over 400 members and amongst them many famous Doncaster townfolk, including Alderman Arthur Thomson, who was Mayor some few years ago, and who is the President of the Club

GOLF AT COOMBE HILL



MISS URSULA KENYON-SLANEY
PARTNERED LORD HOPETOUN



Photographs by Swaebe
A LIGHTLY-CLAD FOURSOME: THE HON. ANTHONY WINN,
LADY O'NEILL, MISS JANE CARR, AND THE EARL OF CARLISLE



MISS VIVIEN KENYON-SLANEY WITH
HER PARTNER, THE HON. R. C. CUBITT



AND LORD WHARNCLIFFE
WITH HIS PARTNER, LADY
ZIA WERNHER



SETTING OUT FOR THE FRAY: LORD SUDELEY, MRS. ROBERT
LAYCOCK, MR. N. PHILIPS, AND MISS ALTHEA SPICER



HUSBAND AND WIFE PAIRED UP:
MAJOR AND MRS. CARLOS CLARKE



THE HON. ESMÉ GLYN AND THE DUKE
OF MARLBOROUGH

Coombe Hill Golf Club was the scene of great activity recently, when a mixed greensome Flag Competition was staged there under the direction of Captain Buckmaster. Many well-known personalities entered and a more enjoyable day could not have been wished for. Miss Ursula Kenyon-Slaney, looking *très sport* in blue trousers and jockey cap, partnered her future brother-in-law, Lord Hopetoun, sister Vivien having just announced her engagement to him. Lord St. Oswald's youngest brother, the Hon. Anthony Winn, partnered Lady O'Neill against attractive Jane Carr and Lord Carlisle; Jane Carr is the other half of that well-known couple, Jane Carr and Marianne Davis, who nightly amuse the frequenters of well-known restaurants. Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, the future Lady Hopetoun, partnered Lord Ashcombe's son and heir, the Hon. Roland Cubitt, as did Lady Zia Wernher Lord Wharnccliffe. Mrs. Robert Laycock added colour to the game by playing in a beach dress—striped cotton shorts, and a white shirt. Mr. N. Philips, who was partnering Miss Althea Spicer, won the sweepstake and competition



SIR MERVYN AND MISS MANNINGHAM-
BULLER



LADY LONG OF 'WRAXALL AND HER CONCERNS

Ursula Powys-Lybbe, A.R.P.S.

The former Miss Laura Charteris, who married the second Lord Long of Wraxall in 1933, when she was only eighteen, is the latest addition to our series of character-studies by camera. Lovely Lady Long's family consists of one daughter, the Hon. Antoinette Sara Frances Sibell Long, who prefers to be called by her second name, is five years old and has no difficulty in occupying central place at 24, Oxford Square, her parents' home in London. Next meet Rennee, dignity and impudence personified and definitely inclined to boss the show in the true Peke manner. We have a hint that the writing-desk is included as a mute reminder that Lady Long seldom puts pen to paper. On the other hand, scissors, cloth, and tape measure have special significance, their owner being in the dress business. The golf-bag takes the air from time to time, and so, of course, does the car, but not nearly so often as might be imagined—for reason, see the bicycle, which Lady Long may be seen briskly pedalling most days. She even bustles out to lunch on her bike, not caring a hoot—or should we say a bell-ring?—for the dangers of London traffic. Brave work



BLOOMERS AND GENT'S ALBERT: MISS DIANA COOKE AND MR. "MILO" ILLINGWORTH



WICKED HUSSAR AND WENCH: MR. DEREK HALL-CAINE AND THE HON. SALLY BANBURY



THE DASHING CRICKETER AND WIFE: MR. AND MRS. ROGER LEIGH-WOOD



SPORTSMAN AND SWEETIE: MR. AND MRS. "BOB" SPARKE-DAVIES



MISS ANNE KENNEDY, MRS. HENRY ILLINGWORTH, MR. MICHAEL FLEMING, AND LADY CHURSTON



MRS. HECTOR MACLEOD AND THE HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER
TWO NAUGHTY-NINETY LADIES



ON LEFT: AN I.Z. GROUP: LADY ANNE HUNLOKE, MR. HENRY HUNLOKE, MR. AND MRS. JOHN MORRISON, AND MRS. COSMO CRAWLEY

The Naughty-Ninety Party was one of the gayest things that have been conceived this season so far, and the lucky guests had to thank Miss Susan Hambro, Miss Kathleen Hennessy, Mr. R. G. Grosvenor, and Mr. J. Profumo, the hosts, who bid them to Mansfield House, New Cavendish Street. The order for dress in the very funny invitation designed by Mr. Patrick Boyle, who wrote and illustrated that glorious book, "Sailing in a Nutshell," said: "Dress of the Period (evening or otherwise)," and it will probably be admitted that everyone played-up most nobly. Whether the

WHEN THEY WERE SO WICKED



THE PERFECT PARSON: MR. CHRISTOPHER FULLER AND THE PARROT



THE WICKED CAN-CAN AND THE CRICKETER: COMDR. AND MRS. ANDREW YATES



DEMURE DIPPER AND FRIEND: LORD BANBURY AND MRS. "JOCK" HANBURY



THE FRISKY POLKA: MR. D. S. T. B. AND LADY DIANA DIXON TREAD A GIDDY MEASURE



MR. JACK PROFUMO (A HOST, IN NIGHT-CAP), MISS FRANCES DAY AND MR. EVERARD HAMBRO



THE HON. "FREDDIE" AND MRS. HENNESSY

'Nineties were really naughty many doubt, and believe that to get to the people who knew the job thoroughly we ought to go back to at least two centuries before that. However, it was a great show, and all hands did their best, even to the very naughty can-can, which was never really ours but belonged to that wicked place Paris. The various sports suitings displayed were magnificent, and whacked anything that might be found in even Madame Tussaud's, and Mr. "Freddie" Hennessy's bathing kit was held to be well in the first three, if indeed not the absolute first past the post, and the man inside, who is Lord Windlesham's younger son, got absolutely into the skin of his part. Miss Frances Day, who sang, greatly added to the success, and may be seen with Mr. Profumo, one of her hosts in "evening dress" (pre-pyjama era), and steel-rimmed spectacles, in which it is alleged some of them slept. A grand and enlivening party (ON RIGHT) "STOP FLIRTING!" MRS. MURIEL HARDCASTLE AND MR. G. H. BOOKER



ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

Once I
was a
Schoolgirl



DARLING PEGGY . . . so Uncle Charles got seats in the front row at the Shaftesbury and now I know what Luise Rainer's really like. I always think that however much you know film stars, you *realise* them much better when you see them acting in the flesh and blood. But about Luise R.—she's a French girl in *Behold the Bride*, and divinely French at that. I asked Uncle Charles if he didn't think so, and he said, "Well, she looks like a cover for the *Vie Parisienne*—but you wouldn't know about that, m'dear" (good old Charles!—as if, when we were still in the Fifth at St. Catherine's, we usen't to bootleg the *Vie* in between the *Spectator* and the *Woman's Journal*!). But I saw what he meant—the Rainer has lots of *verve* and *diable* and *gaminerie*, as well as intriguing straight black hair, which she wears in a sort of half-fringe that keeps getting in her right eye.

Only Françoise, whom she acts in the play, is a nice girl really. It seems that she married a rich young American in Paris, only when he brings her to New York they find he's not rich after all, because his father, who used to build ships and things, has gone broke and is down to his last few dollars and cigars. In fact, the family's only chance is for Eric, the son, to get engaged to a girl he used to be keen on, called Oriel, who's rolling. So Eric doesn't spill the French beans about having married Françoise, and gets officially engaged to Oriel, while Françoise pretends to be the new maid in the parents' flat. And believe it or not, Pegs, when the curtain goes up for the second Act, there they are, bedded together in the maid's room. I looked sideways to see how Uncle Charles was taking it, but

BEHOLD THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:
JEANNE DE CASALIS, LUISE RAINER

just then an alarm clock went off, and Luise R. writhed a lot and went all heavy-eyed with lost sleep, and Uncle C. said, "Well, that Madam can *act* when she feels like it." So then she kicked off the bedclothes and woke up Griffith Jones, who plays Eric, and they fairly romped together. Perfectly nicely, of course, and somehow it seemed all the more thrilling because they were supposed to be married. I mean, one knows all about the Facts of marriage, but somehow one hadn't realised how luscious it must be to be so *natural* with someone one loves.

For instance, as a rule I can't bear large bare feet in men. But somehow Griffith Jones's feet seemed strong and clean and *alluring*, if you know what I mean, as they hung over the bottom of the bed while she tugged at his chest. In fact, I shut my eyes and imagined they belonged to you-know-whom. Anyway, Luise

Rainer was completely delicious in ivory crêpe pyjamas as she stood combing her fringe and shouting with *joie de vivre*. But when she hurled herself back on the bed, and leaped at him like a panther, Uncle C. said he preferred real all-in wrestlers. But there—if you're an old man of forty, I suppose you forget how being in love makes one want to shout and jump. Uncle C. even seemed to lose his well-known sense of humour. The rich girl Oriel, who had got



PLAYING AT LOVE: GRIFFITH JONES, HAZEL TERRY



BUTLERS CAN'T UNBEND:
JACK LAMBERT, LUISE RAINER

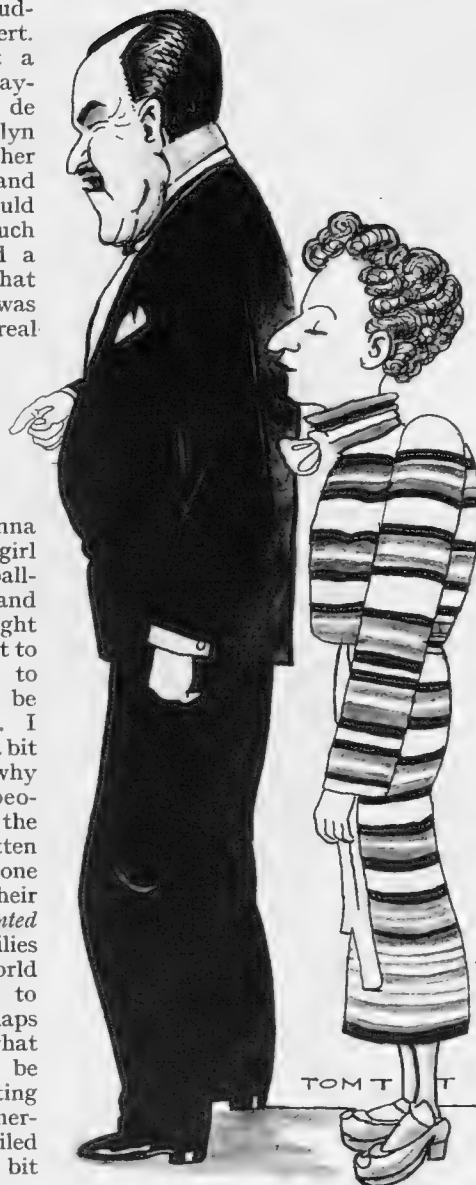
going to have a baby. She can't tell them who the father is, of course, but she says he's a married man living happily with his wife, and—yes, Madame—the wife will be ver', ver' pleased about it. I howled at this, but Uncle Charles said, "O God, O Palais Royal! O God, O Seymour Hicks!" In fact, the only time when Uncle C. laughed heartily was when somebody said that all Frenchwomen in history were like that except Joan of Arc, who they had to wrap in tin armour.

So when everything had come right I asked Uncle C. if she wasn't adorable. He said she had charm, magnetism, much talent and gallons of energy. But then he spoiled it by murmuring something about "to what base uses . . ." I said, "What do you mean, Charles? — they were married all the time." He said he meant that the play was the bunk, and was merely a creaky "vehicle" for exhibiting Luise Rainer

officially engaged to Eric as a blind to cover her secret engagement to somebody else, suddenly decided she was desperately keen on Eric after all. Most of us laughed a lot when Luise Rainer said to Griffith Jones, in her divine accent, "She can have you in court for the promise of breeches." But poor old Charles only murmured, "O God, O Montreal!"

Well, this Françoise is the sort of girl who puts everything right for everybody else, only she has to suffer a lot before everything goes right for her. She does all the housework when Eric's mother has to sack the beastly butler, who made her clean his boots. She saves Eric's sister, who stole her savings and ran away to go on the stage or do worse if absolutely necessary. She stops Eric's father from jumping off the skyscraper, which is perfectly providential as it turns out, because a few minutes later he gets an order to build two huge ships, which means they'll all be rolling again. And the Rainer does it all so sweetly and so sort of funnily, that they can't help adoring her. Only then, of course, they find out she's

being more Claudette than Colbert. He thought it a pity that fine players like Jeanne de Casalis and Evelyn Roberts (the mother and father, and tops, too) should have to play in such fumadiddle, and a greater pity that L. R., who was evidently a real actress, should choose to overact a blasted, grown-up Pollyanna. I asked what a Pollyanna was, and he said Pollyanna was a young girl who was so appallingly sweet and good that she ought to have been sent to a reformatory, to learn how to be decently selfish. I lost my temper a bit and asked him why middle-aged people expected all the plays to be written for them, and none for people in their teens, who *wanted* to help their families and make the world a better place to live in — perhaps he'd forgotten what it was like to be young and bursting with love and energy. So he smiled nicely, but a bit sadly, and said maybe I was right. So then I was sorry and felt perhaps I was wrong. Only then he spoiled it again by saying "Well, m'dear, if we must have Pollyannas, I prefer to take my Shirley Temple neat."



ALAS, POOR DADDY:
EVELYN ROBERTS, JACQUELINE SQUIRE



FUN IN BED: LUISE RAINER, GRIFFITH JONES

Well, Pegs, you'll think me potty if I go on any more about Luise Rainer and anyway, I can hear Aunt Molly's bath-water running away, so I must rush off before the tribe take all the hot. But talking of Luise Rainer, do tell me, when you write, if you think a sort of half-fringe, low over the right eyebrow, would suit—Your loving gal-friend of St. Kate's, Jill (by the way, if marriage is like that bedroom-scene, I wish I'd practised more in the gym!).



MME. ELIANE-LOUIS DREYFUS WITH
TWO EQUINE FRIENDS

Mme. Dreyfus, who is now in residence at her villa, "Les Drags" at Le Touquet, is the daughter of Mme. Henry de Jouvenal, whose husband was French Ambassador at Rome in 1933. She has two children, a boy and a girl, both of them first-class riders. Mme. Dreyfus herself is a well-known sportswoman, and not only rides to hounds, but is a keen supporter of French racing

TRÈS CHER.—The Russian Ballet—Monte Carlo brand—seems to have done rather well for itself in giving Paris a miss last year. *Il faut savoir se faire désirer*, and, judging by the way the box-office was kept busy, desire was rampant. On the last night, hundreds of would-be spectators, who had not been canny enough to book their seats, were turned away. Even the Press fared badly, and a certain eminent writer, whose daily half-column on the front page of the *Figaro* is world famous, had the amazing experience of being refused a seat. The "management"—represented by an unwashed looking person in a fatigued dress-suit and weary white tie—was "desolated," but "what-would-you?" His shrug expressed a mixture of pride because the house was sold out, and delight at the opportunity of being discourteous to a journalist. Bad policy this; indeed, sheer stupidity, as Marcel de Valmalète, who watched from afar, ought to have known. In our own box we were full-up from the ledge to the door, having been requested, at the last moment, to allow some people to stand at the back of our chairs. Thank the stars they were men. My stable-mate hates having to play-pretty and give up his seat to unknown Lovelies.

I met René Blum during the interval, and he told me that he had spent over three thousand francs buying seats for people who did not know that he was no longer connected with the ballet and, having asked him for passes, refused to take a polite "no" for an answer. I suggested that he should watch the methods of de Valmalète's staff. René Blum is such a charming soul, almost as charming as Léon

Priscilla in Paris

used to be before he got bitten by the political bug, and was merely a man of exquisite "letters" and dramatic critic to *Comœdia*. René also told me, with rueful amusement, that his sixteen-year-old son has gone all *Action Française*, and, with a crowd of his boy friends, sells that rabidly royalist newspaper outside the churches on Sunday mornings. The boy also wonders, with youthful ferocity, how it is that "somebody hasn't murdered Uncle Léon yet!" He is wrong. There is not *that* much harm in Uncle Léon . . . nowadays!

It was a crowded house, but not a smart one. I hate to mention the dear dull days of "Before-the-War," but do you remember those wonderful evenings at the Châtelet, when Diaghilew and Gabriel Astruc . . . but, nuf sed! All Montparnasse, as well as all the Plaine Monceau, was at the Palais Chaillot the other evening (the lifts are not working yet, and one still has to climb up and down some 180 steps goin' and comin' in that *grandioso palatio*!), and since the former is more blatant than the latter, the Montparnasse type seemed to dominate. Being *vieux jeu* (note above crack about pre-war events), I am still unconvinced that it is more comfortable to be untidy than well groomed, and I have a weakness for crisp white ties, well-shaven chins, glossy hair, and a lick of washing between the shoulder-blades. Of the four new ballets—new, that is to say, to Paris—it was

Léonide Massine's admirable treatment of Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony" that caused the greatest sensation, grouping such famous dancers as Alicia Markowa, Nina Tarakanova, Leslie Krassovska, Nini Theilade, Igor Gouskévitch, and Frédéric Franklin. "Bébé" Berard's scenery and costumes, perfect in line, proportion and colouring, were remarkable.

We are hoping to see Anton Dolin shortly. He is rushing over to Paris to appear at the *Nuit de Danse Gala* that will be held at the Pavillon de Marsan on the 28th of this month. Later on, when he has finished his London engagements, we hope to see him more permanently in this city, where he is so popular. Meanwhile we look forward to the 28th, and also to the *Bal des Petits lits Blancs*, where he will dance, at Cannes, this summer.

I had a cool and delightful lunch on one of the hottest days this week in the garden of Le Doyen's restaurant in the Champs-Élysées, with "C.B." and Evelyn Cochran, who were passing through Paris on their way back from Rome, where, thanks to Alanova, they had a great time. Cockie was looking fine, and how marvellously blue were his lady's lovely eyes. I wondered at his freshness and fitness when I saw how constantly Cockie was interrupted during just that one meal by importunate persons, and I admired the diplomacy that he displayed in getting rid of them without, apparently, ruffling their feelings, and without, also, accepting either their plays, films, scenarios, or, in the case of a certain glamorous star, their services.

The "Five-in-One" recital organised by Maurice Chevalier—and Radio 37—that you probably heard "over the air," so I won't go into details—was tremendous fun. It was, of course, for charity: Maurice's dispensary, and the Home for old actors at Ris Orangis . . . and it netted over a hundred thousand francs, which, even in these days, is something!

PRISCILLA.



MME. LUCIENNE DELFORGE

The well-known pianist, who has often been heard in London, and whose recital in Paris on the 31st May was one of the events of the season. Unfortunately, this is the only concert she will give in Paris on her all-too-short visit to her home town. In private life Lucienne Delforge is Mrs. Bob Stern, and she lives in New York with her journalist-husband and young son. She has several hobbies, of which the most notable are medicine and basket-ball (Captain of the French team). She is also a fine cross-country runner and a noted Alpinist

THE CHIEF SCOUT AND OTHERS IN KENYA



TWO COUSINS:
THE HON. HEATHER BADEN-POWELL
AND MISS CHRISTIAN DAVIDSON



SUSAN, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN ERIC AND LADY
BETTIE WALKER, TAKES HER DAILY DIP



THE HON. HEATHER BADEN-POWELL
VIEWS BIG GAME
FROM "TREE-TOPS"



AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR ROBERT
BROOKE-POPHAM AND HIS SON
AND DAUGHTER



LORD BADEN-POWELL SETS OFF FOR A RIDE



LORD AND LADY BADEN-POWELL WITH
THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS AND GRAND-
DAUGHTER

Most of these photographs deal with the Chief Scout and his wife and family at and around his Kenya Home, "Paxtu," Nyeri, in Kenya. The name inspired, of course, by Pax Hill, Lord Baden-Powell's Hampshire house. This lovely country, still unspoilt despite the march of so-called civilisation, is the paradise of the big-game hunter, and anybody wishing to escape from the ghastly overcrowding of England could not do better than follow the example of the Chief Scout. The Hon. Heather Baden-Powell is Lord and Lady Baden-Powell's eldest daughter, and she had just flown out from England to stay with her parents. For her younger sister Betty, see the last photograph on this page, extreme right. She was married in 1936 to Mr. Gervas Charles Clay, and they have one daughter and a son, the latter having been born at Nyeri in April of this year. Their home is in Northern Rhodesia. That

attractive little person, Susan, is a daughter of Captain Eric and Lady Bettie Walker, who are close neighbours of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell. Lady Bettie Walker is a daughter by his first marriage of Lord Denbigh and Desmond. The Hon. Heather Baden-Powell, who appears to be standing in grass, is in reality at the top of the very highest tree in an elephant forest near Nyeri, on which has been built a house (see photograph number four). Also in that picture is the Governor of Kenya, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, with his son and daughter. A few minutes after this snapshot was taken, a rhino burst through the undergrowth and stopped dead within a few yards of the party; which was the most surprised is not related, but after a few seconds, the rhino turned tail and fled. From this house can be seen elephant, rhino, and in fact practically any animal that can be named

THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN WALES



L. TO R.: MISS VON DER PORTER, MR. ERIC RICE, MISS S. KENYON-SLANEY, THE HON. HERBERT ASQUITH, AND MISS BINGLESS



AT CAERPHILLY CASTLE: L. TO R.: MAJOR D. J. DAVIES, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL; IN REAR: THE MARQUESS OF BUTE AND MISS S. KENYON-SLANEY, SIR EWEN MACLEAN, AND THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE



TWO GUESTS AT ST. FAGANS CASTLE: LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH AND MR. C. ORDE

H.R.H. the Princess Royal recently spent a week-end with the Earl and Countess of Plymouth at their beautiful home near Cardiff, St. Fagans Castle, and during her stay paid a visit to Caerphilly Castle to see a performance by local amateurs of *Macbeth*, in aid of the Glamorganshire Red Cross Society of which her hostess is President. Among the members of the house-party and others invited to meet Her Royal Highness were the Hon. Herbert Asquith, who is a brother of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith, and uncle of the present one. Miss Kenyon-Slaney was in attendance on the Princess Royal. In the second group the Royal party is seen arriving

BELOW, L. TO R.: LADY CLARISSA WINDSOR-CLIVE, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, LADY ROSULA WINDSOR-CLIVE, AND THE COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH; IN REAR: LADY GILIAN WINDSOR-CLIVE



THE THREE PRINCIPALS IN "MACBETH": LADY MARY HERBERT, DONALD WOOLFIT, AND MRS. MARION RATHBONE

at Caerphilly Castle for the performance, and Major D. J. Davies, who was in charge of the guard of honour, was presented to the Princess Royal. Lady Cynthia Asquith is the wife of the Hon. Herbert Asquith and a sister of Lady Plymouth, and was a member of the house-party. Lady Clarissa, Lady Rosula, and Lady Gilian Windsor-Clive are Lord and Lady Plymouth's three daughters. In the picture at the bottom of the page are the three principals in the play. Lady Mary Herbert is Lord Ilchester's eldest daughter and her husband, Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Herbert, is M.P. for Monmouth and the newly-appointed C.O. of the Royal Monmouth R.E. (Militia). Mrs. Rathbone was the first wife of the famous film star Basil Rathbone



J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

PULL'S FERRY, NORWICH—"THE CITY IN AN ORCHARD"

Not for nothing has the ancient capital of Norfolk been apostrophised as the "city in an orchard," for it rests in a setting of lovely woodlands on the River Wensum, immediately above its junction with the Yare. The eminent photographer has captured one of its most beautiful riverside spots, Pull's Ferry. The cathedral was founded in Norman days, 1096, when William Rufus ruled this realm, a monarch whose violent passage to the beyond none save his boon companions and favourites in anywise mourned. Of Norwich Castle, also of the Norman period, only the old keep now stands, crowning a central hill

PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT AND ATTRACTIVE



THE VISCOUNTESS HARCOURT,
CHAIRMAN OF THE GALA IN AID OF THE RADIUM INSTITUTE

Dorothy Wilding



THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE
LADY MARY

Lady Cambridge and her daughter—an
best-liked personalities, and popular wherever
of the late Hon. Osmond Hastings, brother
in April of this year. The Gala Evening
Albert Hall on July 5, of which Lady Harcourt
Victoria the president, is in aid of a campaign
Radium Institute and the Mount Vernon
which has been arranged is of the highest
will be given by such celebrities as Alfred
Vera de Villiers, Joseph Farrington, Henry
scene from *Elijah* and the Fountain Scene
conductor being Albert Coates. Whereby
Markova, Darja Collin, Walter Gore, Mary
Pageant Ballet guarantee excellence. The
Paul of Yugoslavia to London is principally
of Kent before her departure with H.R.H.
ment as Governor-General

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS OF THE MOMENT



LADY CAMBRIDGE AND HER DAUGHTER,
CAMBRIDGE

only child—are two of our social world's
they go. Lady Cambridge is a daughter
of the late Lord Huntingdon who died
of Music and Ballet to be held at the
Court is chairman and the Princess Helena
which concerns us all very nearly—the
Hospital for Cancer. The programme
possible class. The musical side of things
Piccaver, Robert Naylor, Vladimir Rosing,
Wendon, Gwen Burke; and the "Baal"
from *Boris Godounov* are included, the
acter is concerned, such names as those of
Lloyd, Travis Kemp, and the Fairburn
a visit of T.R.H. Prince and Princess
to say good-bye to H.R.H. the Duchess
the Duke of Kent to take up his appoint-
of Australia in October



H.R.H. PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA, WHOM LONDON IS
ALWAYS READY TO WELCOME

SOME RECENT
STUDIES OF
TWO STAGE
CELEBRITIES:
ROGER LIVESY
AND
URSULA JEANS,
HIS
CHARMING
WIFE



MR. AND MRS. ROGER
LIVESEY AND FRIEND
FROM THE BATTERSEA
DOGS' HOME



Two very domestic groups of two well-known stars of the stage and screen, taken at their home, Plough Cottage, in Hertfordshire. Mrs. Livesey is more familiar to the theatreland public as that charming actress, Ursula Jeans. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Livesey's most recent activities have been at the Old Vic, where, for the first time, they have been playing together in opposite leads in *The Taming of the Shrew*. It is interesting to note that among those engaged there for the next season are Robert Donat, Michael Redgrave, and Marie Ney. The canine friend, by the way, is a very knowing mongrel which Mr. and Mrs. Livesey rescued from the Battersea Dogs' Home.

Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street



Howard Barrett

AT THE MEYNELL HUNT PUPPY SHOW AT THE KENNELS, SUDBURY

The names in the picture are (l. to r.): Colonel C. M. Borwick, M.F.H. (Jt. Pytchley), Commander F. J. Alexander, M.F.H. (Blankney), Mrs. Kingscote, Sir Peter Farquhar, Captain Maurice Kingscote, M.F.H., Mrs. Alexander, Mr. Robert Hoare, M.F.H. (West Norfolk), Mrs. Stephen Player, Mr. Stephen Player, M.F.H. (Craven), and Mr. Peter Paget, M.F.H. (Atherstone N.)



BRIG.-GEN. R. C. A. McCALMONT AND HIS DAUGHTERS AT THE HEYTHROP PUPPY SHOW



THE REV. D. J. N. MILLS AND "GREETING"

(Below) Mrs. D. Mackinnon, Captain R. G. Fanshawe, M.F.H. (S. Oxford), Mrs. Shennan, Mrs. Fanshawe, and Major Walford, M.F.H. (Old Berks)



Photos: Dennis Moss

MRS. R. C. A. McCALMONT, LADY ASHTON OF HYDE, AND MISS KEITH (U.S.A.)

The season of the puppy show is now upon us, and up till quite recently the various kennels have been keeping up their reputation of being the hottest places in summer, as they are the coldest in winter. Captain Maurice Kingscote and his "joint," Sir Ian Walker, are said to have had a real nice entry on the flags, and they had two shrewd people to judge them, Colonel "Peach" Borwick, incoming joint-Master of the Pytchley and former Master of the Middleton, and Sir Peter Farquhar, a former Meynell Master and lately joint-Master of the Whaddon. The Heythrop have always been a good pack of hounds, and are so still. The winning bitch, "Greeting," was walked by the Rev. D. J. N. Mills, of the Heythrop College. The winning dog, walked by Mr. M. Mason, was "Streamer," by their own "Charmer" ('33) and "Sternly," his sister, was runner-up in the bitches. Brig.-General McCalmont, who was also one of the puppy walkers, had the distinction of commanding the Irish Guards on their embodiment in 1900. Major Walford, who is in the lower group, is the new joint-Master of the Old Berks



Pictures in the Fire

By
"SABRETACHE"

but it was rather a low-down trick to play, none the less.

The witty authoress of *The Women*, whom London is so pleased to meet, has assured us that it is all true, and that her characters are drawn from living models. This, I think, most people found no difficulty at all in believing; for is there not the classic case of the lady who put on her P.P.C. cards:

"Just off to the

Pasteur Institute to get cured of *cat bite*!"? This is a quite authentic case, as so many know. There is also the case of the dutiful wife who had a family of quite vulgar proportions. One of her dearest friends said: "We call her the 'Hardy Annual.' Marvellous, isn't it, with such a little worm of a husband!" Miss Clare Boothe has also said that men are just as bad, if not worse. This is also true, and is so particularly of all those riding chaps, the direct descendants of the renowned "Cut-'em-Down Captains." "In a cart with a net over it is the only place he ought to ride!"; or, again, quoting verbatim the words of a great judge of equitation, "Ananias" Smith: "I'd 'ave 'ad to laugh *even* if you'd broke your blinkin' neck!" this being said to a "jockey" who had just been brought in per cold-meat van, or racecourse ambulance. There were also two cases in my own humble experience when the victim had been put up on blind-'uns. All he got from the trainer, in one case,

THE WIVES OF OLYMPIC GAMES REPRESENTATIVES AT SLOUGH

This picture was taken outside the Slough Social Centre, when the wives of all those interested in the Olympic Games, to be held next year, visited Slough. The Games are to be at Helsinki, Finland, from July 20 to August 4, 1940, and the arrangements are well forward, and everyone hopes will not be interfered with by anyone

The names included in the group are: (l. to r., standing) Lady Aberdare, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Bellairs (wife of Rear-Admiral Roger Bellairs), Mrs. Noel Mobbs, Miss Fass (acting as interpreter), Mrs. Deveraux, Mrs. Sanders, Lady Burghley (sister of the Duchess of Gloucester) and Lady Noel Curtis-Bennett, whose husband is a member of the National Advisory Committee for Physical Culture; (seated) Mrs. Lindblom, Mrs. Puhk, Baroness Schimmelpennick-Van der Oye, Mme. Bolonachi Mrs. Avery Brundage, Mrs. Ernst Krogius and Mrs. Nystromer

FOUR strong men have signally failed to subdue the United States (at polo). Two very charming and modest people have swept the country from end to end. America wiped the floor with us at polo, but, on balance, the old Mother Country can count upon having had a very big win indeed.

A nent that international polo match recorded by the Persian poet, Firdausi, as having taken place about 2500 years ago, between the Kings of Persia and Turkestan, and which was thoughtfully extracted for us by the Editor of this year's *Hog-hunters' Annual*, I think it is useful to record that though Firdausi started out to say all the most pleasant and polite things of which he could think about his great patron, Mahmud, who commissioned the great work, "The Shahnamah," he rather whipped round the other way when he did not get the price for which he had bargained. Mahmud's head cashier probably was to blame. The contract said a camel so laden with gold that he would go bowlegged. When Firdausi opened the bags, he found only silver, so, naturally, he was furious. The Wazir probably pinched the difference. There are, however, lots of other kings in the great Saga, so let us hope that what Firdausi lost on the swings he made up on the roundabouts;



Holloway

AT THE RECENT HUNTINGDONSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW

The Earl of Sandwich with Mr. and Mrs. Walston in the show ground at St. Neots. Lord Sandwich before he succeeded to the title was for some years Assistant Private Secretary to the President of the Board of Agriculture, so his interest in his County Show is understandable

as having taken place about 2500 years ago, between the Kings of Persia and Turkestan, and which was thoughtfully extracted for us by the Editor of this year's *Hog-hunters' Annual*, I think it is useful to record that though Firdausi started out to say all the most pleasant and polite things of which he could think about his great patron, Mahmud, who commissioned the great work, "The Shahnamah," he rather whipped round the other way when he did not get the price for which he had bargained. Mahmud's head cashier probably was to blame. The contract said a camel so laden with gold that he would go bowlegged. When Firdausi opened the bags, he found only silver, so, naturally, he was furious. The Wazir probably pinched the difference. There are, however, lots of other kings in the great Saga, so let us hope that what Firdausi lost on the swings he made up on the roundabouts;



Howard Barrett

THE CRAVEN GENTLEMEN'S TEAM

This team, which comes principally from the West Riding of Yorkshire, gave the Notts Amateurs a bad beating in the recent match—244 for 6 (dec.) to 61 all out. The side includes Kenneth Farnes (England), and S. D. Rhodes, a former Notts captain

The names are: (l. to r., sitting) S. D. Rhodes, H. G. Kippax, Hirst Wood (captain), Kenneth Farnes and E. W. King (108 not out); (standing) Harling (umpire), H. Robinson, F. N. Riding, R. A. S. Farnfield, J. F. Pearson, W. J. Mathews, D. F. Surfleet and C. B. Atkinson

when he was coming to, was: "The Captain [the owner] always would 'ave it she was blind; but I said, 'No; 'ow can you tell till you try?'"

"The Captain" in this case of premeditated homicide was a rival in the lists of love of the mangled remains. So I think we may say that Miss Clare Boothe has proved her case up to the hilt. I hope that these few samples may inspire a sequel to *The Women*; and might I suggest a title: *The Chaps*, or, as an alternative, *The Perishers*?

At the end of the unfortunate disagreement of 1914-18 it was credibly reported that that very erudite body the German General Staff told the then Powers-as-Was that it would be suicide for Germany ever again to attempt to fight upon two fronts. This, they said, in spite of the advantage which interior lines of communication are held to bestow. Until the absolute certainty, not the mere possibility, of her being compelled to do so is presented to Germany as the main problem of any future conflict, our businesses and our stocks and shares will continue to be like a bowlful of quivering curds. It is further true that until this knowledge is imparted, the present state of White or undeclared war will continue. What, therefore, is the quick answer? In the meanwhile we cannot but be thrilled by the announcement (per B.B.C.) that the Italian navy is to be increased to a strength of "eighty" battleships and by smaller craft, cruisers and so forth, in proportion.

In that very bellicose book, "Germany and the Next War," written by General Friedrich Von Bernhardi, and published in 1911, when everyone believed that we were very near war, that fire-eating author was very rude to his country's Eastern neighbour, and did not take her as a very serious menace in the event of an outbreak. It would be somewhat interesting to find out whether German military opinion as to this has altered, and whether they think that the Russia of 1911 is the same as the Russia of to-day, viewed purely

from the military standpoint. But even in 1911, after, as has been recorded, telling Russia that she was of no use as a fighting force, Von Bernhardi said (and his words conveyed the idea that he was not quite sure): "Russia at present has no inducement to seek an aggressive war with Germany . . ."; but that "every further increase of the German military power militates against the Russian interests. We shall therefore always find her on the side of those who try to cross our political paths."

(Continued on p. xvi)



T. M. Gemmell & Sons, Ltd.

THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE AYRSHIRE YEOMANRY

A group taken at Stobs Camp, Hawick, where they are doing their annual training and where, incidentally, they ran a very good little race meeting all off their own bat. They are still cavalry; otherwise it might have been a motor meeting. The names in the group are: (l. to r., front row) Captain L. R. Younger, Major D. G. Lean, Major J. O. MacAndrew, Major T. C. Chalmers, Lieut.-Colonel C. I. A. Dubs, Captain F. P. B. Sangster (Adjutant), Major R. D. H. Houldsworth, Captain W. H. Dunlop, Captain P. A. Grant; (middle row) 2nd Lieut. W. A. Tulloch, Lieut. H. S. Black, Major H. Gillmor (vet. surgeon), Lieut.-Colonel D. Mackie (doctor), Lieut. and Or-Master E. F. J. Malins, Lieut. G. T. Cunningham, 2nd Lieut. C. N. G. MacAndrew, 2nd Lieut. B. M. Knox, 2nd Lieut. A. R. Tulloch; (back row) Lieutenants A. G. Young, J. N. Howie, M. C. Hamilton-Campbell, M.C., J. P. de M. Wilkinson, C. A. Chadwyck Healey, G. E. O. Walker, W. N. Mitchell, W. A. Jack and Lord Montgomerie

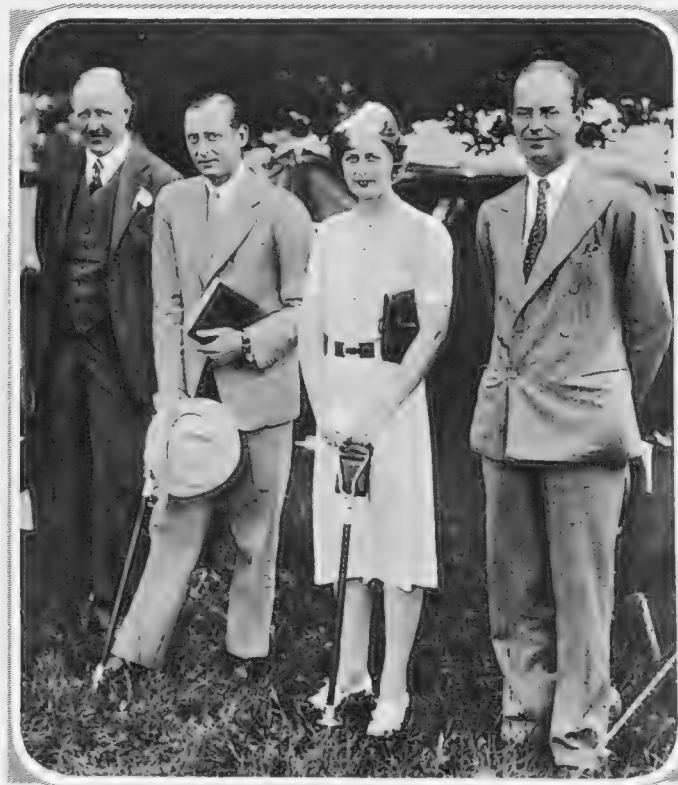


Howard Barrett

THE NOTTS AMATEURS XI. v. THE CRAVEN GENTLEMEN

The invaders from Yorkshire (for whom and formidable component units see flanking picture on left) were much too hot for Notts amateurs, who were all sent back to the pavilion for 61. Kenneth Farnes did most of the damage

The names in the picture are: (l. to r., sitting) E. A. Marshall, C. E. Morris, B. H. Dowson (captain), S. H. Richardson and D. H. Vaulkhard; (standing) Dudson (umpire), G. Husband, J. Bradfield, D. G. Bland, R. Whitty, P. S. Whitty and E. W. Lovegrove



Holloway

ANOTHER GROUP AT THE HUNTINGDONSHIRE SHOW

Some other people who were at this recent show at St. Neots are in the picture on the preceding page. In the one above are Major R. Proby, Lord and Lady De Ramsey, whose abode is Abbot's Ripton Hall, Huntingdon; and Mr. Thomas Wentworth Fitzwilliam, who is joint-Master of the Fitzwilliam



SOME PEOPLE AT THE BEST SPOT IN INDIA—THE ROYAL BOMBAY YACHT CLUB

The yachting and non-yachting members of the best club in all India, according to many people's ideas, who are portrayed above are: from left—C. M. Eastley, N. Vincent, O.B.E., D.F.C. (in 'plane), A. E. Blair, F. C. Bishop, A. McCulloch, Sir William Lamond, C. F. Morris, Lieut.-Col. Cobb (secretary of the Yacht Club), Major R. B. Emerson, R.E., Commodore "Toby" Kynnersley, M.C. The shocking rumour that the R.B.Y.C. might have to close its doors owing to the introduction of prohibition, has caused some people to have something like an apopleptic fit. It is the most comfortable and beautiful club in India, as any who may have memories of it will endorse

THE parson had been preaching an hour and more on the immortality of the soul. "I looked at the mountains," he said, "and I thought 'Mighty as you are, you will be destroyed, but my soul will not.' I gazed at the ocean, and cried 'Vast as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I.'" A titter ran through the congregation!

A rather elderly lady, who was dressed in the extreme of youthful fashions, jumped up in the bus and pressed the bell.

"Can't stop here, lady," the conductor informed her. "Well, you used to," said the passenger, in aggrieved tones.

"Not since the horse buses, lady."

He was very proud of his golf, and had brought his mother-in-law along to watch him play with a friend.

"I'm particularly anxious to make a terrific drive just now," he told his friend. "My mother-in-law is over there, and I——"

"Don't be a fool, man," said his friend, "you'll never hit her at 200 yards!"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

he firmly closed his eyes.

The skipper looked on in astonishment.

"Here," he said, "why do you close your eyes when you drink?"

THE captain of a tramp steamer and his mate went to the bar and ordered two pints of beer.

"Well, here's health, skipper," said the mate. He picked up his tankard, but before he drank

"The doctor told me I mustn't look at anything stronger than water," replied the mate.

AN American judge, failing to be re-elected, was made cashier of a local bank. A man presented a cheque to be cashed.

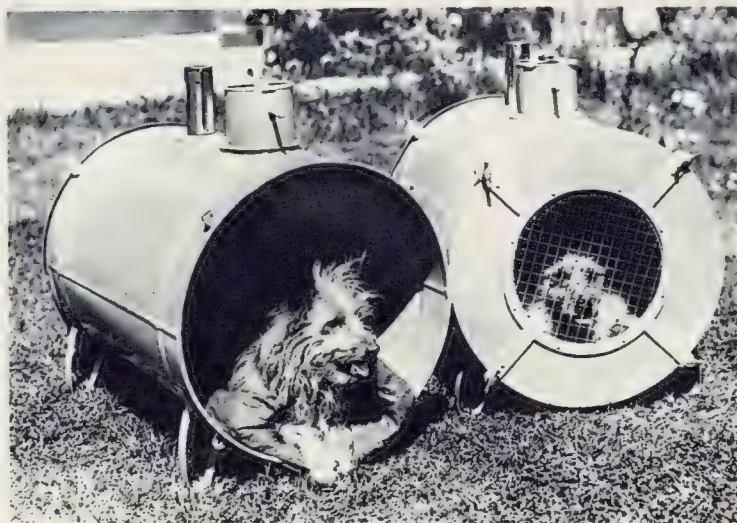
"Don't know you," said the new cashier.

The customer produced a credit card, a business card, and a bundle of letters addressed to himself.

"Not sufficient identity," said the cashier, pushing the cheque back.

"Why judge," protested the man, "I've known you to hang a man on less evidence than that."

"Maybe so," said the ex-judge, "but when you're paying out money you have to be careful."



Howard Barrett

TWA HOOTS FOR DICTATORS!

Losh, mon, we are prepared! The two Cairns in their completely gas-proof kennels, fitted with respirators on top, and a bicycle-pump valve-fitting, are the property of Mrs. Law, of Upton, Notts. The ends of the kennels are mica, with a wire grille. Let's hope they won't need them!

LOVELY LADY GONE TO PIECES

All vivacity fled and beauty with it. Tired nerves, new lines in the face. Fat in odd places for lack of proper exercise. Thin hollows where a little fat is becoming. No chance to go away for a rest cure, so many things to be done, people to see, parties to go to, parties to give, all sorts of obligations. Everything pretty awful. Life no fun at all, anymore. Only one thing to do about it. Telephone Regent 1001, pour her sad story into a sympathetic ear. The answer is that



LOVELY LADY GOES TO ELIZABETH ARDEN

Begins at the beginning in the Exercise Salon. Stretches, bends, twists. Gives herself up to the luxurious joys of an Ardena bath—away with all the accumulated toxic poisons. Then on to the Giant roller, a magic arrangement for removing unhappy bulges. Or a turn with the Electro Reducer — you can see how that works in the photograph. Last of all a hand massage which tones up every nerve and restores her courage. The results are before the world for



LOVELY LADY REGAINS LOST YOUTH.

Soaring-in-the-clouds, away with care — she's had her first Elizabeth Arden Health and Beauty Treatment. She's been weighed and measured. She's had a heart-to-heart talk with the Dietician. She's been diagnosed by experts. And in the process she's spent an hour or more in the soothing, unhurried atmosphere of the Elizabeth Arden Salon. She feels fresh, young, irresistible. She acts it too. She is, in short, a new woman.



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POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

As to the second match the accounts from the "front" just before it were a bit mystifying. In *The Times* report we read: "It is a tragedy that French Cottage and Persil are lame and Topsy unfit . . ."; and, again: "In pony power the British are again equal to the Americans, and one more great pony each would give the British an advantage." Three of our crack ponies were not available, and a fourth, Guinda, doubtful. The Americans, apparently, had no casualties amongst their ponies. They were admittedly a beautifully mounted team, and, what is more, each man was playing on his own ponies—a formidable advantage. I find it difficult therefore to believe that the pony situation was "equal." However, we have more information yet to get, but I shall be very surprised to hear that our ammunition supply was as good as the enemy's.

* * *

As to what happened: all that we can gather from the reports is that, though the percentage of victory was really heavier, than it was in the first match, the team seems to have gone better right up to the sixth chukker; but then the Americans came at us like tigers, led by Michael Phipps and Stewart Iglehart, who played like a whole cageful. Phipps scored twice in four minutes. I think it is obvious that the pace had then begun to tell, and that our

pony power, quite apart from anything else, was not equal. The seventh chukker was all America—a really furious attack, and the battle was as good as all over, for all hopes of retrieving things had gone west. The score was then 9—3 against us, and in the last chukker it was only a despairing effort which put the final score at 9—4, Tyrrell Martin leading a forlorn hope; but to all practical intents and purposes the thing was finished at the end of the sixth chukker, which is about the distance we are accustomed to go in this country. As I have already said, eight chukkers is a very long trip.

* * *

The decision to leave the teams unaltered, both our own and the American's, was undoubtedly very wise. To have taken Aidan Roark out at the last minute and put in either Hesketh Hughes or John Lakin (to whom *en passant* congratulations) would have been asking for it. H. H. Hughes, I do not believe, has ever thought he was a true forward, great opportunist and good shot as he is when the ball comes up to him. That end-over-ender Aidan Roark got in the first match would probably have slain most people, but it only seemed to put him more on his toes, as, being an Irishman, would, of course, happen. Total damage a bruised shoulder, and this, apparently, not serious, but twenty-four hours before the second match he had a temperature. The Americans decided not to take out Stewart Iglehart in favour of the recently concussed Cecil Smith. It was hard luck on the best forward in the wide world getting so badly ironed out before the real show started. If Cecil Smith had played the bombardment of the British citadel might have been even more serious. It would have been rough on Iglehart, on the other hand, to have dropped him, since from all accounts he never put a foot wrong in that first match, and he was outstanding in the second one. We know the class that he is, for we had a close-up in 1936.

(Continued on page XIV)



Poole, Dublin

WINNERS OF THE ALL-IRELAND NOVICES CUP

The Ballymore team which beat the Wagtails by 4 to 2 in the Phoenix Park after a really invigorating scrap. The names are (l. to r.) Mr. John Martin, Captain Spencer Freeman, Mr. Andrew Levins Moor and Mr. Dermot McGillicuddy, son of The McGillicuddy of The Reeks

THERE is nothing that wastes more time than crying over spilt milk, no matter what has caused the catastrophe. The only thing that gets any fun out of it is the cat. We lost the second match by 9 to 4. Some of the milk that has been spilt in this polo game in America came to grief through nobody's fault, and was lost just through the chance of war. Some of it, however, was not so lost: those missed penalty shots in that first match, for instance. They might have caused it to be a dead-heat on full time, but only those who were actually there can tell us which was the fresher for the possible extra bit.

* * *

Reading the evidence of responsible correspondents, such as our friends of *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, I think that most people would deduce that the sting had not been taken out of the gallant foe, and that he was very decidedly on the rampage with the comfortable knowledge that he had a nice margin of goals in the bag and an impenetrable Maginot Line behind, name of Guest. So he could afford to risk a bit and send his storm troops bullocking over the top baldheaded, as you might say in a manner of speaking! The British stood up to the punishment magnificently, but we were a bit too far out of our ground to make even getting upsides a reasonable possibility. The eight chukkers over which these international matches are played mean a very long journey, and when the ammunition begins to run short, as it undoubtedly did in our case, it makes an uphill job doubly hard. The conclusion is forced upon one that, even if we had had those four goals which we missed in penalty shots, we might not have survived in the run-off.



THE GIANT PANDAS' POLO TEAM, WINNERS OF THE RANELAGH OPEN

This team won the final quite deservedly by 10 to 4, and had Adsdean held all the way. Captain Humphrey Guinness, home on leave, is an ex-International, and the Hon. J. Hamilton Russell has just had his handicap raised from 5 to 6. The names (l. to r.) are the Hon. W. K. Rous, Mr. N. Dugdale, Captain H. P. Guinness and the Hon. J. Hamilton Russell



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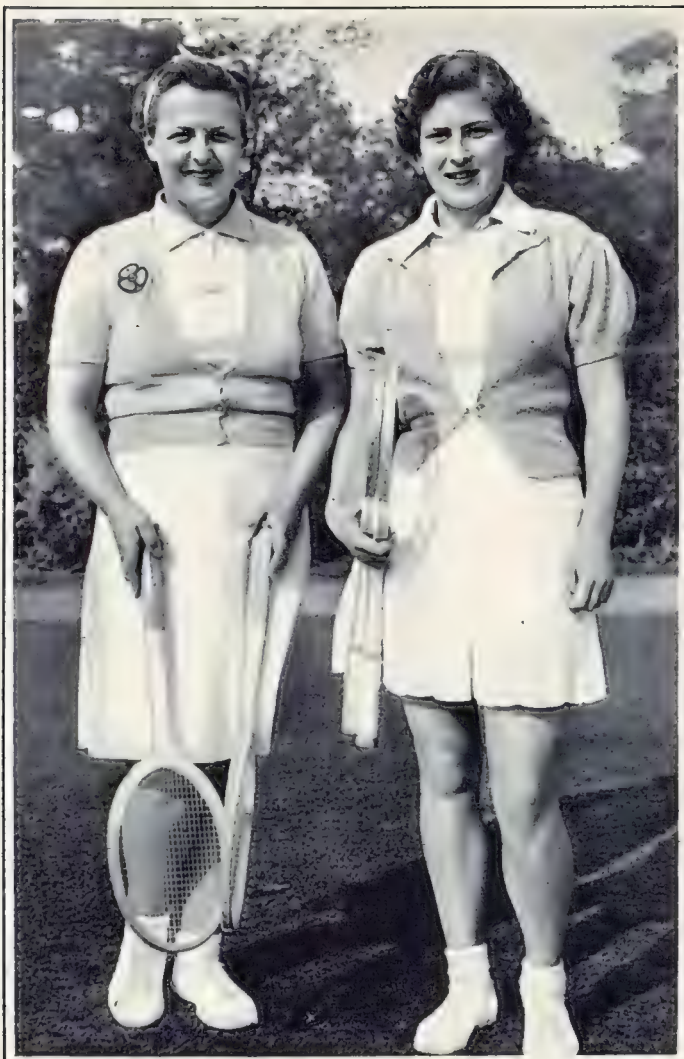
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LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN



Stuart

MISS BETTY NUTHALL (LEFT) AFTER HER DEFEAT BY MISS JEAN NICOLL, 6-2, 6-2, AT ST. GEORGE'S HILL

Miss Nicoll's victory over Miss Nuthall in the finals of the Women's Singles was thoroughly deserved. During the course of the week it would have been difficult to have faulted her play, and once again the value of smoothly produced strokes, in which the eye, the feet, and the arm all work in harmony, was demonstrated. Miss Nicoll will now be an almost certain selection for the Wightman Cup team

DO you collect cigarette cards? Because, if you do, and you've got any of the current series featuring the Navy to swap, you might let me know. Yes, I mean it quite seriously, because I know someone who might be very grateful. You might have just the one card she needs to complete her series. Who is the collector? Well, it's the girl who has collected more scalps on the tennis court this season than any of her rivals, with the exception of Kay Stammers. Yes, Jean Nicoll, of course. I am not going to apologise for her name cropping up again on this page, because after her victory at St. George's Hill how could I keep it out? In any case, I thought you might like to know that she hasn't allowed her concentration on her tennis career to depose from her heart her love of childish things. I am very glad. Every successful man or woman, whatever their calling, should cling to some youthful hobby or craze all their life, if possible. It helps to keep you sane when the hurly-burly becomes too insistent; and I shall always carry in my memory a picture of this Deanna Durbin of the tennis world, after her crushing victory over Mrs. King, walking along behind the courts, not with half-a-dozen rackets under her arm, but blithely holding in her hand a cigarette card that someone had given her a moment before to make her cup of joy complete. It may seem silly to you. If so, you have only to turn over the page. But it does not seem silly to myself, because I have always found, in the course of my work, that the really big people, who deserve their fame and fortune, are at heart the simplest and the most child-like in their approach to life. A few week-ends ago I was visiting the Gilbert Millers at their charming country house near Horsham, and I was sat down and introduced to a game

called Chinese Checkers that turned out to be a glorified sort of Halma. It may sound dull to you, but I can only put on record that Gilbert, although he had a new production in hand, and his brilliantly intelligent wife, and Mme. Schiaparelli and myself were still up long after midnight poring over the board. The next week-end I went to stay with the Dunns, and introduced the game to them: they were equally fascinated, and Sir James went back to London on Sunday night to a big-business conference with the smile that was on the face of the tiger, for had he not succeeded in winning a shilling from us all? I prophesy that there will be many Chinese Checkers parties given before the season is over. I only hope that what is obviously intended to be an innocent form of relaxation for grown-ups who haven't forgotten they were once children, won't be degraded into a gambling substitute for backgammon addicts. What that does to the faces and the hands of the women who play it for one reason and one only—to provide themselves with pin money! May they be doubled and redoubled into perdition!

Some of the faces of our dear tennis stars aren't so hot, either. But however hot Jean Nicoll gets on court—and at Weybridge the heat wave was in full blast—you still feel that she is enjoying the game for the game's sake. Take, for instance, her match with Mrs. Pittman, earlier in the week before she played Mrs. King. I arrived just as she was on the point of losing the second set. Her opponent realised very cleverly that the way to make some impression on the other's dominating accuracy was to play a loop shot down the centre of the court to a good length. As she became temporarily exhausted by the heat Jean, in striving for winners, and compelled to make her own pace as well as her own angles, was hitting into the net or out of court, until, in the fourteenth game, the set was filched from her. The crowd became uneasy. Had their new idol feet of clay after all? It certainly looked at that moment as though the process of disintegration had set in, especially when, in the final set, at two-one, the youngster was love-forty down on her own service. At that moment I glanced across from where I was sitting at a plump, pink-cheeked middle-aged man in a blue suit, who, with his hands in his lap, made me think of Buddha in modern clothes. Was he showing any anxiety as to the final result of the match? None at all. "Pop" Summers knew too much about the reserves of his favourite pupil. "Pop" Summers for many years now has been a familiar figure in the tournament world, since he has a high executive position with the most famous of the racket manufacturers. "Pop" Summers, who did so much for our Fred, who again under his own expert tutelage, watched Mary Heeley that was soar from tenth place to first in the ranking list in the same season. "Pop" Summers who, on that blazing afternoon at St. George's Hill, had the satisfaction of seeing his latest *protégée*, whom he guards as though she were Garbo, pull herself together, catch up to deuce, win that game and go on serenely to victory. Afterwards Mrs. Pittman told me herself that this girl, who must be fifteen years the other's junior, did not forget her good manners, did not forget to thank her for the game, or to add these words: "I did enjoy our match so much." Enjoy is the operative word, and as long as "Pop" Summers continues to take care that this champion in the making plays tennis first and last for pleasure, and never allows her prowess to become part of a racket of exploitation, as has been the ruin of some stars in the past, then I really believe that she will be crowned at Wimbledon not once, but several times. Of course, it may be that her *début* this year will bring such a sensation in its train. Personally, I think the odds of six to four at present being offered by the bookies are rather hard on Jean, at the first time of asking, unaccustomed as she is to the pace and atmosphere and the *feel* of the centre court. But all the same, though I am backing Bobby Riggs and Alice Marble myself, I would not like to take a bet against the English girl!

After all, this child of sixteen has only been defeated twice this season—once by Kay Stammers and again at Bourne-mouth by Peggy Scriven, who, incidentally, had a disastrous week at St. George's Hill. She nearly lost to Miss Grover (a very handsome girl who plays for Surrey and whose behaviour on court is exemplary whatever the state of the match), and

(Continued on page x)

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY

THE TATLER
No. 1982, JUNE 21, 1939



Whether for the Greyhound Derby in June, the autumn O. A. Critchley Memorial Stakes or the dramatic £3,500 "White City" at the close of the year's racing, training at the G.R.A. Northaw kennels proceeds at the same even tempo the whole year round. Through wooded parkland, over Hertfordshire grasslands the daily exercise takes place, under the supervision of understanding experts. The picture shows two track thoroughbreds in the care of their kennelboy.

TOOLS OF HIS CRAFT

By CLIVE WOLLASTON.

THE afternoon peace of the Hotel Post was suddenly shattered by the noise of tramping feet: Lewis Cooke looked up quickly from his packing as the door of his bedroom was flung unceremoniously open.

"Police," said the man who stood in the doorway—a thick-set, square-faced man, whose eyes were hidden behind heavy glasses, and who looked more like a clerk than a detective. Cooke smiled ingenuously, though his dark, wary eyes held no amusement.

"Come in," he said pleasantly, in faultless German. "Passports, I guess, and—"

"Hardly," said the policeman, closing the door behind him—but not before Cooke caught a glimpse of uniformed police in the corridor. "I have come for the diamonds of the Countess of Clettenstein."

Cooke's face registered incredulous surprise as the detective continued curtly:

"I am Lipschultz, head of the criminal police, and play-acting will not help you, Cooke. 'Ice' Cooke they call you in the States, I believe, owing to your fondness for diamonds. I have telegraphed dossiers from London, Paris, and New York showing you suspected of numerous jewel robberies. No conclusive evidence. No arrest... we do things differently in this country."

"This is outrageous," Cooke spluttered indignantly. "Let me tell you, Herr Lipschultz, I am an American citizen. My papers are in order, and I take it that, even in this country, your almighty police force doesn't arrest visiting foreigners without some evidence."

"The evidence is ample. Somehow—and I salute you there; you are what they call a smooth worker?—somehow you got yourself invited to the Countess's ball last Friday. The theft was not discovered until later, but it was on that evening that the diamonds were taken from the safe. My reports say that you are one of the few men in the world who can open almost any combination by touch."

Cooke's hawk face was white with rage, and his close-set eyes glittered savagely. "And that's proof I stole 'em, eh? You can't get away with this. I demand to see the American Consul and a lawyer."

After the first shrewd glance at Cooke, the detective's eyes had been busily studying the well-appointed room.

"Gently, 'Ice' Cooke. Gently. I have here a search warrant. If the diamonds are not here... you can hardly object to a trifling inconvenience to clear yourself."

Cooke was too old a hand to allow his feelings to show upon his swarthy face, but the detective, long skilled in assessing the subtlest changes in people's emotions, sensed his sudden relief. If, as was undoubtedly the case, he was

guilty; it was indeed strange that the prospect of a search pleased rather than scared him.

"Why, no," Cooke said grudgingly. "I don't object. It seems a darned shame, but, since I've nothing to conceal, go right ahead. As you can see, I was packing. I'm leaving for Switzerland and Paris to-morrow."

Lipschultz smiled grimly as he opened the door and beckoned two of his assistants inside.

"It was the news of your imminent departure that made us hurry here—while there was still time."

Cooke lit a cigarette and sat on a table, swinging his long legs, while the two policemen probed every inch of his room. Unasked he took off his jacket, and, emptied his other pockets for inspection.

The searchers found no diamonds. But, on the floor, beside the half-packed suit-case,

was a leather roll of motor-car tools, and, inside the suitcase, a second roll containing a complete burglar's kit.

"So," Lipschultz chuckled, "the so-innocent Mr. Cooke carried in his luggage one of the most beautiful sets of burglar's tools I have ever seen."

Cooke eyed him calmly. "You yourself said the safe was opened by touch, so what bearing has that got on the stolen diamonds?"

Lipschultz was examining the somewhat greasy motor-car tools in the other roll. "There are no diamonds concealed in those," Cooke volunteered. "I sometimes use them to—er—supplement the other tools."

The detective smiled imperturbably. "We have already searched your car carefully and noted that the tool-roll was missing. But how could you have been so careless as to retain these other safe-breaking tools? They are conclusive evidence—"

"Evidence nothing," Cooke broke in, with sudden heat. "Maybe I use 'em to repair my watch, or to open a fraulein's bedroom door. Maybe I have got a record. But I know nothing about those diamonds. So what?"

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"Clearly, 'Ice' Cooke, you haven't got the diamonds now. The mere possession of burglarious implements is, as you say, no crime, and I shall take no further action."

Cooke laughed mirthlessly.

(Continued on page 558)



THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "THE TEMPEST"

The gardens at Worcester College, Oxford, were a perfect setting for the Oxford University Dramatic Society's presentation of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, which was held there last week. The O.U.D.S. has been a nursery for many well-known actors, past and present. Left to right are Mr. George Bradford (President, O.U.D.S.), Ernest Thesiger, the famous actor, who had come to see the play and who is quite as famous on the films; and Leslie French (producer)



JOAN FRENCH AND ROBIN BENN

Two of the members of the cast of the O.U.D.S. presentation of *The Tempest*. Joan French gave a very good rendering of Miranda, as also did Robin Benn as a very sonorous Prospero

GARRARDS

*By Special Appointment
Goldsmiths and Jewellers
to the Crown*

TOOLS OF HIS CRAFT—(Continued from page 556)

"But," the detective added, "if you *had* happened to have stolen those diamonds you might have 'fenced' them, under the impression that it would be easier to smuggle currency out of the country. Let me warn you that the export of currency is forbidden and that the penalty may be—death."

Again Cooke let off his harsh bark of a laugh. "Money! . . . I'm beginning to forget what the stuff looks like. Let me tell you, I'm leaving this country simply because I've been unable to find a sucker *with* any money. Surely you aren't going without apologising for your unkind suspicions?"

"We shall meet again, 'Ice' Cooke," said the detective from the doorway.

In his office in the Kriegerplatz the detective smoked an endless chain of cigarettes. The Countess was a friend of a very important official of the Party, and if her diamonds

movement, and when, at noon the following day, Cooke pulled up his big tourer at the customs barrier at Brenz the detective was awaiting him.

"No doubt, Herr Lipschultz," Cooke said, with a confident grin, "you have come to present me with an illuminated address of farewell."

"I have come," the detective answered stolidly, "for the diamonds of the Countess."

Traffic through the little snow-mantled post at Brenz was usually so small that Cooke had doubtless reckoned on passing through with a perfunctory examination by the local officers. Instead, three of Lipschultz's expert searchers attacked the car. They probed the seats, removed the tyres, and drained the tank. They removed the upholstery from the body and dismantled the hood.

"I'll sell it to you for a couple of thousand schilling," Cooke sneered as he was taken into the little hut to be stripped, "and *walk* into Switzerland."

Inch by inch the car was searched, and, at last, the policemen began reassembling it. As Cooke came smiling from the hut the detective who had searched him reported to Lipschultz: "Nothing, Sir—absolutely nothing. I'd stake my head there is neither money nor diamonds on him or in the car."

"You're likely to lose your stake," Lipschultz told him grimly, "if we don't find those diamonds soon."

In silence they watched while Cooke got into his car, and the guards prepared to swing aside the red and white barrier. In another minute he would be safe across the frontier.

"It must have been him," Lipschultz muttered savagely. "Why, why, in the name of ten thousand devils, does a crook who knows all the tricks, and knows he is likely to be searched—why does he call attention to his crookedness by carrying a roll of burglar's tools in his luggage? It's all wrong: it's the key to the whole thing and I don't know what lock it fits. You, my good Karl, if you had poisoned someone, you wouldn't attract attention to yourself by carrying, say, a revolver with you, eh?"

Karl's rat face quivered thoughtfully. "I might, Sir," he said slowly. "I might if I wanted to hide the poison and had it made up into dummy revolver bullets."

Lipschultz leaped forward as if galvanised by an electric shock.

"Stop," he roared. The barrier was already swinging, and, for a second, it looked as if Cooke would drive the car at it. Then he saw the levelled carbines of the guards and stopped his car.

"Give me the tools out of the box," Lipschultz ordered. "Shoot that man if he tries to escape!"

With his handkerchief he wiped the grease and dirt off the tools, then, with a penknife, he began scratching the heavy jack. Immediately he let out a whoop of delight.

"The Clettenstein diamonds!" he exclaimed, while Karl stared uncomprehendingly at the dull, solid metal. "He couldn't leave such tools as these in a garage—and no sane man keeps his motor tools in his bedroom. So he kept the burglar's tools to draw attention from these. I *knew* he'd 'fenced' those diamonds, and he must have bought platinum with the money. Look, Karl! Look! . . . I'll never make a detective of you . . . these tools are made of platinum!"

THE END.



AT THE FIRST WOMEN'S A.T.S. CAMP
AT MALVERN

At this concentration at Malvern, the first of its kind—members of the A.T.S. from Cheshire, Caernarvonshire, Denbighshire, Monmouthshire, Flintshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, and Shropshire were mustered. Major Watkins and Mr. Laming, who are in the picture, visited the camp in an advisory capacity, and Major Fitz-Hugh is in charge of a male working party of seven

The full names in the above group are: (seated) Sen-Commandant L. V. L. Collie (Caernarvonshire), Camp-Commandant Mrs. B. Barton, and Sen-Commandant G. M. Heaton (Flintshire); (standing) Major B. S. Watkins (G.S.O., Physical Training, Western Command), Major G. F. Fitz-Hugh (Camp Administrative Staff), Mr. Laming, (Public Relations Officer, Western Command), Sen-Commandant F. M. Dixon (Cheshire), and Sen-Commandant C. Baker (Monmouthshire)

were not recovered Otto Lipschultz would be in no enviable position.

Why, he asked himself again and again, why in heaven's name did an experienced crook, who must have anticipated a search, allow himself to be caught with burglar's tools in his possession? Yet he was convinced that his shrewd eyes and skilled fingers had not been deceived: the tools were genuine tools and not cleverly made hiding-places for the diamonds. Hourly reports enabled him to follow Cooke's every



Photos: Truman Howell

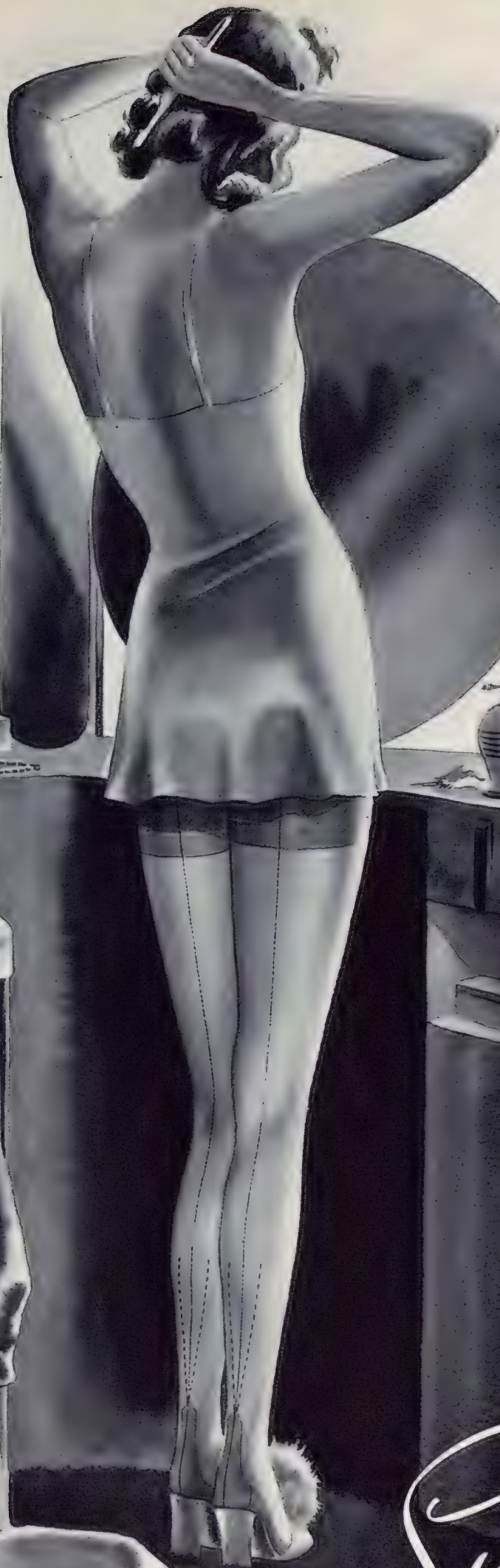
ALSO AT THE A.T.S. CAMP AT MALVERN

The Quartermaster, Mrs. M. M. Bond (Staffordshire) and the Hon. Peggy Marquis (West Lancashire Company), daughter of the new peer, the former Sir Frederick Marquis

Boudoir Beauty

by SY-METRA

To the subtle thrill of "dressing-up" for the occasion is added the glamour of sheer, beautiful stockings. Bear Brand "Sy-metra," however, have a task in life other than looking utterly lovely. By ingenious manufacturing devices (found in no other stockings) they give a slenderising effect to the legs, and their seams *always* stay straight. Really the most delightful stockings of our time.



Bear Brand
Sy-metra
TRADE MARK
TRUE FASHIONED PURE SILK STOCKINGS
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Claude Fisher

LORD HOWE WATCHING THE SOAP-BOX "DERBY" AT DONINGTON PARK

The competitors were Boy Scouts and a specimen of their cars is seen in the background of this picture. Lord Howe acted as the starter and was obviously highly amused at the contest

drop, and the quarter lights subside backward into the body sides, thus providing an ideal all-the-year-round variation in weather protection. In the recent Scottish Rally this model won its class in the elegance competition, while another Wolseley "Ten," this time a saloon, scored the highest marks of any closed car. Performance gives a maximum of 70 m.p.h., with cruising at 60, and a fuel consumption of 40 m.p.h. downwards, according to speed, load, and driving conditions. Obviously a very economical, practical and carefully considered quality car for driving *à deux*.

Keep it Clean.

Before the Morris Rally at Donington Park I met one of the competitors in the appearance competition. Though his Morris was three or four years old it was cleaner than the usual showroom model. I looked into it, on to it, and under it. There was not a speck of dust, a blob of oil, a smear of grease, or a scratch to be observed. The owner and his wife were giving it a final polish, the inside of the body resembling a motor-car's beauty parlour, so full was it of lotions, swabs, ointments and whatnots. The owner confessed that he spent more time cleaning than driving, for all his working hours were spent in driving another sort of car. In fact, his total mileage in the Morris was only 14,000. That was a flea-bite against the totals of other owners at the Rally, who claimed anything between 30,000 and 50,000, many without having had a re-bore.

Cylinder Wear in Theory and Practice.

That vexed question of re-boring still puzzles many people. Why should two cars of identical age and type give such widely differing periods of service before a re-bore is needed? My own theory is that the average length of journeys done on the cars supplies the answer. A car whose routine work consists of 200-mile non-stop runs will run far longer without the engine needing a re-bore than another which is used for short potterings. Technicians agree that

PETROL VAPOUR

By
W. G. McMINNIES

A New All-the-Year-Round Body.

THIS week Wolseley's introduce a drophead coupé body on their snappy 10-h.p. chassis. The price, including the Jackall jacking system, is £270. The head is easily operated, the front windows

cylinder wear takes place principally when starting up from cold, and that if stops are reduced in number and the working temperature maintained, there is less opportunity for wear to set in.

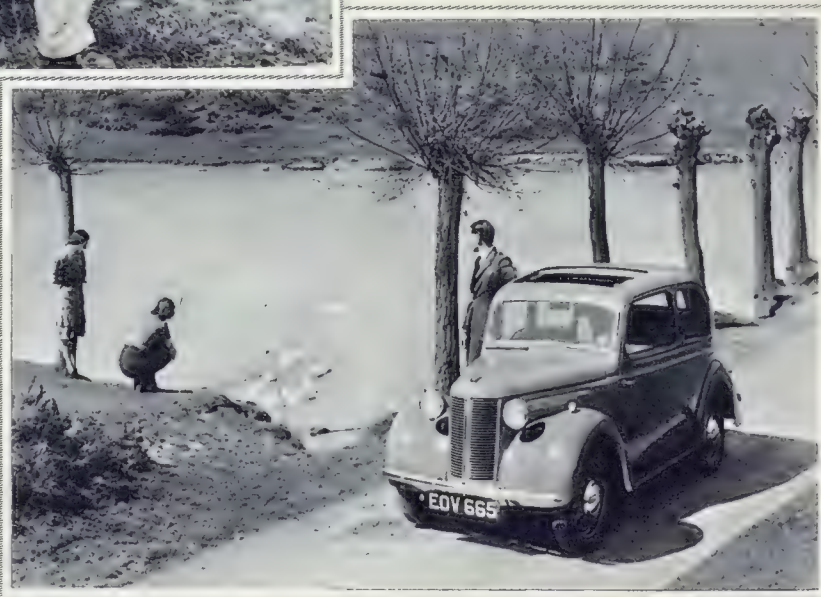
Marking London Exits.

Some weeks ago I commented on the lack of road signs to guide travellers from the centre of London on to the great trunk roads. Last week I noted a good system of R.A.C. signs all the way from Hammersmith on to the Great West Road. But why should the R.A.C. do this? Has the Ministry of Transport handed over the work of national sign-posting to the club, and if so, is the club suitably reimbursed? I was on my way to the Lagonda party at Staines, where we were shown one of the cars to be run at Le Mans. It looked formidable and extremely workmanlike. With a maximum speed of between 140 and 150 m.p.h., even Brooklands track was not particularly suitable for its all-out testing. By leaving off the unessentials of a standard chassis, W. O. Bentley had reduced the weight to 26 or 27 cwt., while a few adjustments to the camshaft and compression ratio had increased the power output to 245. Peering at the cockpit, I noted that the rev.-counter was graded up to 7000 and that the fuel-tank was fitted amidships just in front of the driver.

Standing near the Le Mans racer was its great-great grandpapa, a 10-h.p. Lagonda tricar, on which the founder of the old Lagonda Company, Wilbur Gunn,

(ON LEFT) MISS JOY VERDON-ROE WITH HER FLYING INSTRUCTOR AT SOUTHAMPTON AIRPORT

The daughter of Sir Alliot Verdon-Roe snapped at Southampton where she is now taking flying lessons. It seems almost superfluous to volunteer the information that her father is the famous pioneer of British aircraft construction and the founder of the A. V. Roe Company, makers of the Avro which has achieved such fame



AN AUSTIN "EIGHT" SALOON IN A BEAUTIFUL SETTING

The actual scene where this picture was taken is beside the pool on Castlemorton Common, near Upton-on-Severn. This new "Eight" is as smart to look at as it is good. The radiator has been completely re-designed

swept the board in the hill-climbs and trials of 1906-1910. A quaint and spidery affair, but in those days the envy of the young bloods because it possessed a steering-wheel, while its rivals relied on handle-bars or tillers. *Sic transit . . .*

(Continued on page 564)



as *Silent* as its shadow

A new Avon motor tyre, designed to give with the utmost silence a degree of road-holding never before attained. An achievement worthy of the swift, silent cars of today . . .

AVON

THE ARISTOCRAT OF TYRES

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD. (ESTABLISHED 1885) MELKSHAM, WILTS

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE
YACHT CLUB REGATTA

General Sir George Jeffreys, formerly Grenadiers and G.O.C. London District, on the lawn of that pleasant little club at Warsash with Major John Bowen, Irish Guards. The regatta was a big success. Warsash is also used as a concentration point for the Guards Flying Club

Priority and Propaganda.

HISTORY, in spite of what people are taught at school, is not made by great men, but by propaganda. It is made and moulded by the loudly repeated word, the garbled and Goebbled version. In politics we have



LT.-COLONEL ALAN SWINTON
AND CAPTAIN W. H. WIGGIN

Colonel Alan Swinton founded the Household Brigade Yacht Club and used to be in the Scots Guards, and served with them all through the war. Colonel Swinton is also a member of The Squadron

seen the idea that Germany is being encircled gradually spread in this country and planted here so firmly that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax begin to believe it, and to start making excuses which tend to "make the fault worse by the excuse." In aeronautics we see the belief gaining ground that the old form of built-in wing-slot, tried and discarded years ago over here, is a new and wonderful American invention. Propaganda gives Lindbergh priority in flying the Atlantic, although he was forestalled by years by Alcock and Brown. Had I the pen (and the pennies) of a powerful propagandist, I would undertake to make the public accept it as true that Mr. Blank-blank, the Civil Air Guard member who took his ticket last week, was the first man to fly.

In this slot business, it is astonishing how far from the facts propaganda can lead the unwary. The wing-slot is an invention for maintaining stability at low air-speeds, and is of great value, both for safety and efficiency. It can take various forms, and can be built into the wing as a sort of louvre near the leading edge, or it can be formed by a movable slat which comes forward automatically. All types of slot that I have heard of, and certainly those the Americans are now using, were tried in this country years and years ago. They had been tried long before the British Government bought the slot rights from Handley Page for a lump sum of £100,000. So to find those old types suddenly resurrected and hailed as novelties is a little trying. Perhaps it has something to do with the patent situation. Anyway, it is a tribute to the powers of propaganda.

Speed.

Speed offers endless opportunities to the newspapers because it is only necessary to think of a number, double it, and then put it in a big headline with m.p.h. after it, and a gripping news-story has been compiled. It does seem clear,

however, that air speeds of 800 kilometres an hour are now nearly within reach. The French speed record attempt which is to be made with a Dewoitine D-530 piloted, probably, by Marcel Doret, may get somewhere near this figure. The present official figure stands at 755 kilometres an hour, and is held by Germany. Incidentally, the French effort may be made in collaboration with Britain, for the engine may be a Rolls-Royce "Merlin," specially tuned. This has not been finally settled, but it would be a good omen if the record were taken by an aircraft representing in the most practical form, the aerial co-operation between Britain and France.

Meanwhile, it is always worth reminding those who are not in the aviation business, but who take a general interest in it, of the difference between air speed and ground speed and level speed and diving speed. Ignorance on these points is widespread, and gives rise to fantastic misconceptions.

Even among the aeronautically instructed, there are signs of loose thinking on these matters. To determine the speed of which an aeroplane is capable is a long business, requiring all kinds of different measurements. Speeds obtained at Martlesham, for instance, rely in the last instance upon the word of the pilot, for nobody else sees the instrument, and there is no means of checking what it reads when flying level full out. The levelness of flight is checked by the barographs, and the position and height errors of the air-speed indicating instrument are checked by the speed course and the thermometer and barographs. But the actual figure

still depends upon the pilot's reading.

Records.

That is why a world's record, set up in accordance with the regulations of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, is really the most trustworthy speed figure. For this the pilot's readings are ignored, and all measurement is done outside the machine. Even the maximum allowable height is set by another aeroplane, which flies at that height with an official

(Continued on p. 564)



ALSO CAPTAIN AND MRS. HAZLERIGG

At the same salubrious spot, Warsash, on the Hamble River which flows into Southampton Water, and is a winter rest-camp for many yachts. Calshot, the sea-plane base, is just opposite. They had a light south-west wind for the Household Brigade Yacht Club Regatta, excellent entries and the best of weather

This England . . .



Holme, within the boundary of Westmorland—looking north

SPEAK of "the Conquest" and your hearer's mind flies back eight hundred years and more; for since that time no stranger has set foot here, save as a guest. Good fortune or vigilance? Truckling in meekness or showing such resolution—e'en in our weakest days—that none would dare? Throughout the Seven Seas to-day you find the answer writ. And these eight centuries have made of us a quiet folk, slow to wrath, not forced by foreign laws to change our ways, but free to sift the best and keep thereto. So do you have in common use to-day a beer first brewed that way in Tudor times—and being found the best, survived in peace. (They've called it Worthington these last two hundred years.)



Air Eddies—(Continued from page 562)

observer who sees that the record machine does not at any time go higher. And the actual speed passage along the three kilometres course is recorded, together with the time measuring instruments, on a cinema film. With this evidence there is as little risk of error as is possible. That is why a world's speed record figure is worth attention when other figures can be ignored.

* * *

Forward Deauville.

A special show of French aeroplanes is to be held on July 15, at Le Touquet, and Sir Kingsley Wood, the British Secretary of State for Air, is to be invited to it by M. Guy la Chambre. The consequence is that the Deauville weekend, which had been arranged for that day, has been put forward to the twenty-second which is the date already arranged for the Plantagenet Air Rally at Angers. Actually the two events coming together may be a help rather than a hindrance, for English private owners will be able to go over to France in force and remain there right through to the end of the Plantagenet and the Deauville shows, and then for the Deauville-Vichy-Cannes event on the following week.

In short it looks as if this part of July is going to attract from England to France everybody who owns or can borrow or steal an aeroplane. It is not so much that the events themselves are interesting—although they are extremely so—but that France is the country above all others where the real taste of life is obtainable. In England it is necessary, for the sake of prudery and convention, to be only half alive; in America for the sake of money. But in France a person is permitted to be human. That is why everybody—including those high ones who are always running it down—goes to France for their holidays the moment they are able to do so.

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 560)**Wanted, a Signal of Thanks.**

When another driver gives way graciously or shows you a courtesy on the road you'd like to thank him. In this respect the average lorry driver who watches for the road to clear and then waves you on needs special recognition. It seems so churlish to pass him by without a gesture in return. So what, if anything, do you do? A feeble wave perhaps through sunshine roof or window. Well, here's a suggestion, how about two quick ones on the horn to signify "thank you"?

White Arrows in Fog.

Have you noticed the arrow heads on some of the white safety lines used on three-width roads? At first they seemed a senseless embellishment, a waste of time and talent. And then someone explained that in foggy weather they show drivers on which side of the road they are. Otherwise they might be following the wrong white line and run head on into another car.

* * *

Flies on the Screen.

Every hundred miles or so windscreens become plastered with dead flies, which means stopping at a garage to have the bodies removed. The standard plan seems to be to use water, better when warm, a sponge and wash-leather. But some years ago I seem to remember a dope or ointment which when applied with cotton wool would do the job at one go. So to re-discover it I questioned the people most likely to know, i.e., service foremen, taxi-men and even expert drivers. But none of them could help and the fly-remover remains a mystery.

* * *

Footpaths for Tramps.

The craze for building footpaths beside main trunk roads miles out in the country and away from the nearest hamlet continues. And not only are immense sums of money being wasted on these safety walks for the casual tramp, for he is the only person who uses them, but space that should be devoted to widening the road is being squandered. In the worst cases new footpaths are laid on both sides of a trunk road. In others, existing footpaths are scragged up and new ones laid beside them. Yet we are so much in the grip of bureaucracy that although we pay the piper we cannot call the tune.

* * *

A 15,000 Miles' Obstacle Race.

Two French Rover Scouts have just completed a 15,000 miles' transcontinental journey on a second-hand Ford. The tour started in Holland finished at the China Sea. In Iraq they endured a temperature of 120 degrees, and later in Afghanistan tested the bottom end of the thermometer when the radiator froze as they drove. As all previous attempts to cross the mouths of the Ganges and Burmese Heights in a car had failed they took to the railway track, removing the car from the line at intervals to let the trains pass. Hundreds of rivers were crossed by widening the narrow bamboo bridges. In one place the track was so narrow that the car had only two wheels on the ground, the other side being suspended by ropes tied to trees.

THIS SEASON is sartorially bold, for despite international distractions, it is exceptionally rich in new styles. Some of them are ephemeral, others have come to stay.

Conservatism is so often synonymous with good taste, that many well dressed men, instinctively mistrusting new styles, commit the extravagance of ordering clothes that are passing out of date.

Pope and Bradley have an intelligent regard for the varying incomes of their customers; and since they are an accurate thought ahead in style, fashion does not predecease the long life of their clothes.

POPE & BRADLEY

14 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1

The recent expansion of the Armed Forces has led to a comprehensive revision—and reduction—in Pope and Bradley's prices for all Officers' uniforms, whether Naval, Military or Air Force.



Double Shell is the ONLY oil used and recommended by HUMBER, HILLMAN and SUNBEAM-TALBOT

RECENT YACHTING OCCASIONS AT



MRS. DENISON, MISS PEGGY PHILIPS, SIR CHARLES CAMPBELL
(HON. SEC. B.S.C.) AND COMMANDER DENISON (COMMODORE)



MRS. WEST A PROMINENT
"SAILER"



MISS GRIGG WITH
MISS NAN MELLOR

That pleasant spot in the Wight, the Bembridge Sailing Club, the home of the small boat men and women, is not unnaturally very active at this moment, and here are some well-known people who are all leading lights of the little club. Commander Denison retired from the Navy in 1908 but came back for the War, in which he served with great distinction. He is a member of The Squadron, as also is Sir Charles Campbell, who is in the same group. Mrs. West, the former Miss Oppenheim, is a daughter of the late Major Gussie Oppenheim and a niece of Lady Lockhart de Robeck. Miss Nan Mellor, who is with Miss Grigg, is to be married in London this month to Mr. Charles Fenwick, son of the late Mr. Harry Fenwick



*'From the
Bridegroom
to the Bride—'*

The design of this fine Morocco Dressing Case has been handled with originality. The Engine-turned Sterling Silver fittings have a separate compartment leaving a large area, free of fittings, for clothing. A waterproof canvas cover is included in the price.

£45.0.0

A Catalogue of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing Cases will be gladly sent if a visit to the showrooms is inconvenient

MAPPIN & WEBB
Ltd.

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156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1;

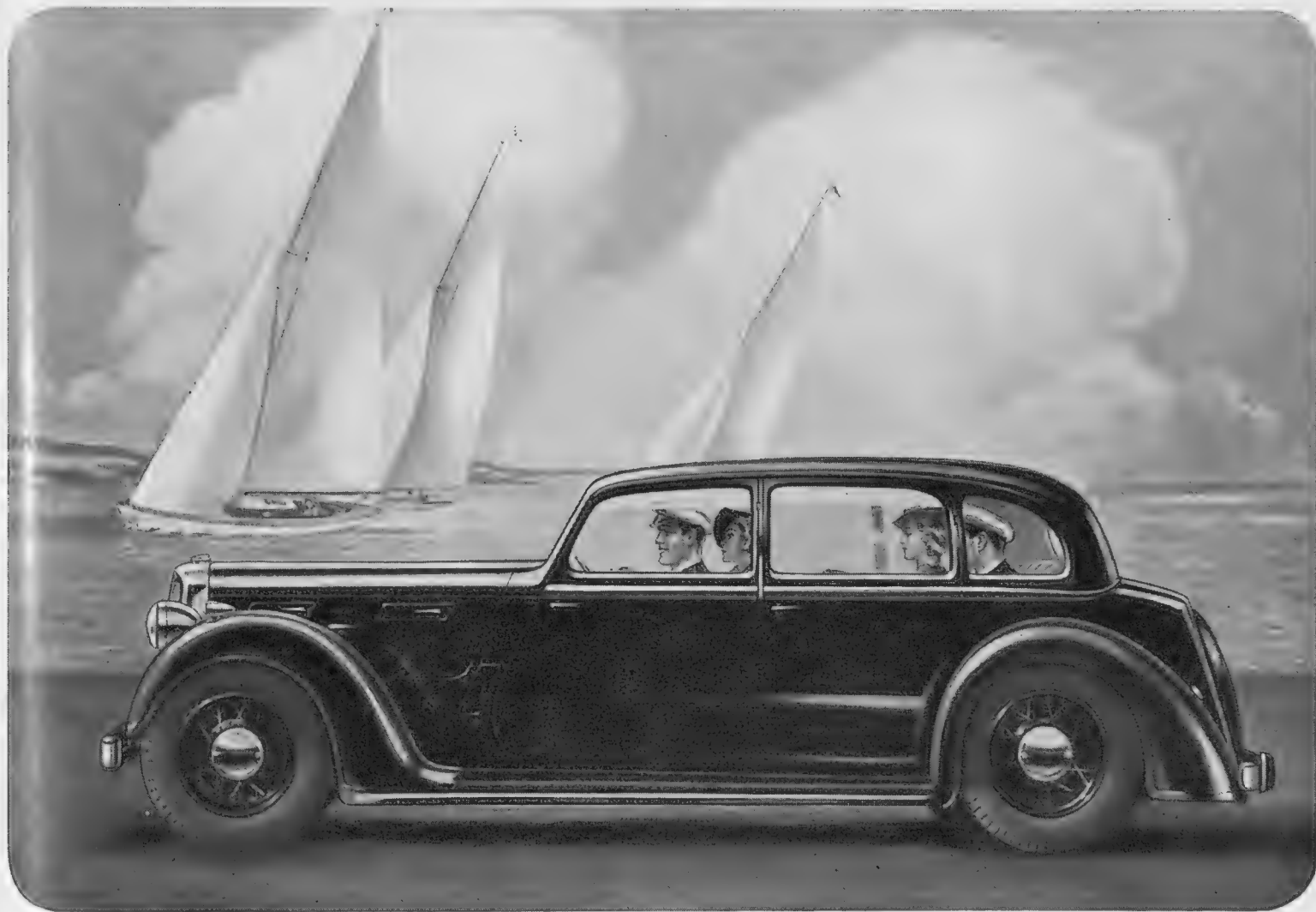
172 REGENT ST., W.1. LONDON

"THE ROLLS-ROYCE OF LIGHT CARS"

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

After an exhaustive test of the Rover Sixteen Saloon the Daily Telegraph writes : " More sweet running and silent than any car costing under £1,000—the Rover is the Rolls-Royce of light cars. The figures prove it to be one of the liveliest in its power class. In the beautifully finished and furnished body

everything possible for the comfort of driver and passengers has been thought of. The car at any price would be a credit to British Industry ; at £360 it is cheap". Such are the unequivocal terms employed by responsible experts to endorse the Rover slogan " One of Britain's Fine Cars".



The ROVER 16
 SALOON £360
 (14 H.P. SALOON £330)

- ★ UNDERSLUNG LONG WHEELBASE CHASSIS
- ★ AUTOMATIC CHASSIS LUBRICATION
- ★ D.W.S. HYDRAULIC JACKING SYSTEM
- ★ AMPLE LUGGAGE & PASSENGER ROOM
- ★ FREEWHEEL PLUS SYNCHROMESH
- ★ ANTI-ROLL STABILISERS ON BOTH AXLES

THE ROVER CO. LTD. COVENTRY.

LONDON SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

The Highway of Fashion



NO woman can fail to be delighted with the fascinating sun and play suits which have gone into residence in Selfridge's (Oxford Street) sportswear shop. A leaflet regarding them will be sent on application. There are amusing hats, sandals and other accessories which play such an important rôle when the sun shines. Swim suits by all the well-known specialists are well represented; the colour schemes are charming, original and fascinating



THE lines of the play suits from Selfridge's portrayed are definitely youthful. A cotton fabric makes the outfit on the left. It is of a delicate forget-me-not blue shade strewn with white spots, piqué being used to increase its charm. It consists of shorts and blouse-brassière. The cost is 52s. 6d., which is also the cost of the divided skirt with braces and blouse

FLATTERING to every figure is the play suit above with the skirt, which, should it be preferred, may be worn as a cape. Nevertheless, the price is only 39s. 6d. A new note is struck in the suits with gaily printed voluminous skirts accompanied by the neatest of neat plain boleros. There is a Turkish atmosphere about them, very difficult to describe



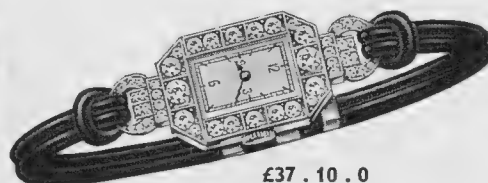
DIAMOND BRACELET WATCHES

Diamond bracelet watches are definitely the fashion; and The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd. have very many extremely beautiful designs exquisitely set. The variety of styles is immense, and every watch is backed by the Company's two years' guarantee. If you are unable to call we will, of course, send you one of our illustrated catalogues.

In the showrooms of the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company at 112 Regent St. there is a special display of a most comprehensive collection of clip ornaments in the newest designs. You are cordially invited to come along and see them.



£20 . 0 . 0



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£125 . 0 . 0

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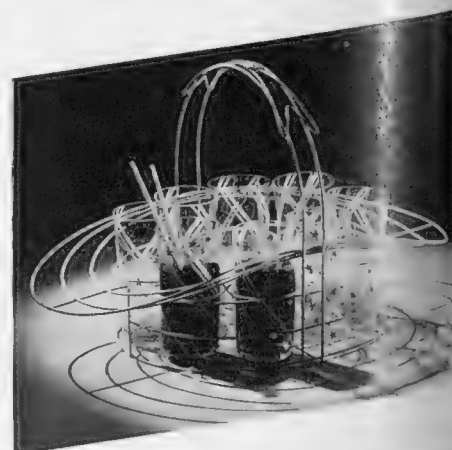
WARNING:— NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE • TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021



THE picture at the top of the page introduces many attractions. There is the glass-top table, sheltered with a garden umbrella, which is particularly easy to adjust. Think of the happy hours in the rocker lounge, complete with canopy; it is £13 13s. 0d. The loose cushion is not included in this price, although the others are. In this connexion it must be mentioned that all cushions can be covered to suit the needs of the prospective owner. The colour schemes are very beautiful and original. In some, the influence of Spain and the Bahamas is decidedly pronounced. The wicker picnic set for four people is 27s. 6d. A decided novelty is the simulated hat for holding glasses

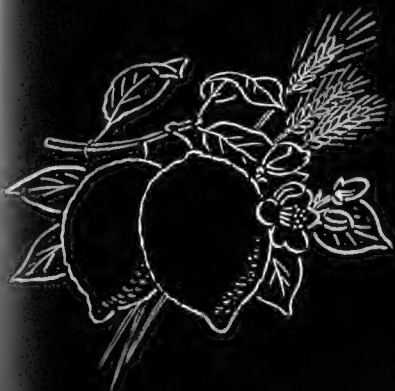
A HEAT wave of three months' duration has been prophesied; therefore garden furniture becomes of topical interest. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, have assembled on the third floor things that are as luxurious as they are practical, as well as more simple affairs. For instance, there are garden cushions for 5s. The colour schemes are artistic, and again, there are chairs which seem to be made for hard wear for half a guinea

THE very newest version of a sun bed is seen in the picture on the left below. Among its many advantages is that it is kapok filled, has a proofed backing and is covered with cretonne; nevertheless, it is only 42s. 6d. It seems almost unnecessary to add that tennis rackets by all well-known makers are well represented, as well as sports outfits in the fashion section



Pictures by Blake

*Unadulterated
purity*
KIA-ORA



Yours Fragrantly



BELLODZIA—a Caron perfume—is one that Baudelaire would have loved. It is subtle, caressing, delicate, but potent. To the woman who uses it, it is better than a bouquet, deep and fragrant



CARON'S Fleur de Rocaille is distinguished by its delicacy and the piquant freshness of youth. Its lace frill gives an archaic charm to its finely wrought flask



NARCISSE NOIR vibrates intensely when in contact with furs. Its aroma, which unrolls like the folds of a rich brocade, recalls the fragrance of tropical breezes

Pictures by Blake

Cut a figure in DAKS



*the slimming
trousers
for women!*



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TAILORED BY SIMPSON

Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 554)

in the next round was defeated in straight sets by Mrs. McKelvie, who patiently and ploddingly hung on by her teeth to the vital points. Mrs. McKelvie is nothing remarkable to look at on the court, but if you study her game more closely you will realize that she possesses the most unerring sense of anticipation that minimizes the softness of her actual shots. Moreover, she has another great asset, too little appreciated in the tennis world. She brings out the worst in her opponents. Now there are some stars whose style, like that of Mary Hardwick, has such beauty of rhythm that they will inspire the players on the other side of the net to match winner for winner. Which in a way is hard luck on the stylist. However, Mrs. McKelvie suffers from no such disadvantage when she goes on to court against a player a grade higher than herself, like Miss Scriven or Miss Nuthall. And for a student like myself, detached and impersonal, it was a fascinating experience to watch the way that she almost repeated the breaking-up process against Betty, too, in the next round. In the first set, the latter hit winners all over the court, and then little by little the other's tennis personality started to impose itself in a burrowing manner, and soon Betty was mishitting her forehand in a ludicrous fashion. The worst in her game had certainly come to the surface, and it looked as though her opponent was going to have another of her surprising victories. But just in the nick of time Betty realized that victory meant for herself a pleasant encounter on the morrow with her Wimbledon doubles partner, whom the popular Press has informed you, she looks upon as a sister, and she proceeded to execute a series of drop shots that brought Mrs. McKelvie to the unwelcome region of the net.

I did not see the final between the two "sisters," because I had promised weeks before to go and make a speech on behalf of their more unfortunate "sisters," the spinsters, who under the magnificent leadership of Miss Florence White are fighting, and with justice on their side, for pensions at fifty-five, but I can hardly credit the caption under the picture of Miss Nicoll leaving the court, and wiping her eyes, that she had wept because it was Betty whom she had had to defeat. Surely it was simply that she had a touch of hay-fever, or even more reasonably was simply hot? She has much too excellent a control over her emotions to have wept from nervous astonishment at a victory that was in the bag before she went on to court. Her two isolated defeats I did not happen to see, but on the half a dozen other occasions recently that I have watched her it certainly seems incredible that she should ever lose. Not because she possesses such mastery over her opponents, as that she possesses such self-mastery. The two attributes are sometimes confused, mistaken for the same state; let us elucidate their difference. Many players seem to have command of a match, and then something happens to disturb their confidence—perhaps a bad decision or a lucky net cord—and their lead dwindles, and with it their sense of ascendancy so that at the last they are struggling desperately to remain even on terms of equality with an opponent who earlier in the match seemed too clearly their inferior. I can't think why I lost, they will complain afterwards in the dressing-room . . . I was set up, and four-two and forty-fifteen. And the real answer is invariably the same, though inevitably they would not recognize it as applying to their particular match. They lost control over their inner selves. Now that is something that Mrs. Moody never did, that Helen Jacobs never does, and which takes her to heights that confound the critics of her limited stroke production, and something which I believe most thankfully will never happen henceforth to Jean Nicoll. And again, something that is unlikely ever to happen again to Alice Marble.

And do you know why I am so confident of that? It was like this. I was sitting on the stone balcony outside the clubhouse, that is a familiar meeting place at St. George's Hill, when up comes Alice to say "Hello!" and her guardian coach, Miss Tennant, who dresses more smartly every year. And Alice this time is more sophisticated . . . no, that's not the right word, more sure of herself, too. I looked at her curiously and as though she could sense what was in my mind, Miss Tennant broke in; it's the crooning she did last winter. If you stand up like that in front of hundreds of eyes that have paid their dollars and expect to have their money's worth, it gives you something . . . poise, self-realization . . . call it what you like, but it's invaluable when you come back again to your first love. Alice nodded. They've asked me if I'd like to sing at the Savoy, but I said no, it's got to be one thing at a time. And that one thing is the only thing that will ever matter with her until she holds it in her grasp—the Wimbledon crown. This year? Well, she's my bet I have told you already. What's yours?

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Mr. William Hollis, jun., of the Finchley Property Exchange, Church End, Finchley, is offering for sale by auction on the premises on Thursday, June 29, 1939, at 3.30 p.m., the Freehold City Estate, comprising about forty offices and two shops and also free fully licensed restaurant known as Williamson's, Groveland Court, Bow Lane, E.C.4, in the only flower garden of its type in the City. "Williamson's," which is, or was, more widely known as Williamson's Hotel, must be one of the oldest established businesses of its character in the City of London, the original building being erected immediately after the Great Fire in 1666.

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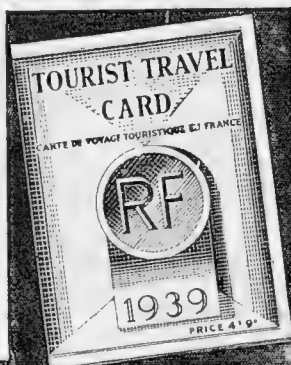
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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Two London Weddings Today.

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Mr. C. Fenwick is marrying Miss Nan Mellor at 2.30 p.m., and at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, is the wedding of Mr. P. L. C. Brodie, and Miss Pauline Thorne. This takes place at 2.15 p.m.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. J. B. Currie, younger son of Sir William and Lady Currie, of Dinton Hall, Aylesbury, and Astra Babette Talbot, elder daughter of the late Captain Matthew Talbot Baines, of Heronswood, Beckley, Sussex, and of Mrs. Talbot Baines, 61 Holland Park, W. Mr. D. R. W. R. Watts-Russell, Coldstream Guards, elder son of the late Captain A. E. Watts-



Hay Wrightson
MISS HOPE MADDEN

Who is engaged to Mr. J. Batten, the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Batten, D.S.O., and Mrs. Hope Johnstone. Miss Madden is the third daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles E. Madden, Bt., G.C.B., O.M., and Lady Madden, of Forest Row, Sussex. The wedding will take place on the 27th July

Russell, Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Watts-Russell, of Biggin Hall, Benefield, Peterborough, and Cecilia Violet Cokayne, only daughter of Major C. J. C. Maunsell, late Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Maunsell, of Thorpe Malsor Hall, near Kettering, Northants. Mr. K. S. Richardson, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Stewart Richardson, of Brook House, Tiptree, Essex, and Valentine, eldest daughter of Sir Valentine Crittall and the late Lady Crittall, of Crookies, Wickham Bishops, Essex; Mr. J. F. Powell, youngest son of the Reverend Morgan and Mrs. Powell, Limpley Stoke, Somerset, and Geraldine Ysolda, eldest daughter of Sir John and Lady Moylan, Byeways, Haywards Heath. Mr. W. G. A. Landale, elder son of Major and Mrs. George Landale, of Dahwillia, Deniliquin, New South Wales, and Aroona Toorak, Melbourne, and



Balmain
MR. R. OLIVER AND MISS JANET DICK-CUNYNGHAM

Who recently announced their engagement. Miss Dick-Cuningham is the daughter of the late Major-General J. K. Dick-Cuningham, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Dick-Cuningham, and Mr. Oliver is the only son of Wing-Commander D. Oliver, D.S.O., and Mrs. Oliver, of Park House, North Berwick

Margaret Sylvia, younger daughter of Lieutenant-General and Mrs. E. K. Squires. Mr. I. Lyon, The Gordon Highlanders, Singapore, elder surviving son of Brigadier-General Francis Lyon, C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., and Mrs.

Lyon, and Gabrielle, younger daughter of M. and Mme. Bouvier, of Pulo, Condore, French Indo-China. Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bt., only son of the late Sir Joseph Fayrer, Bt., R.A.M.C., and Lady Fayrer, Holmlea, New Galloway, and Helen Diana Scott, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Lang, Queen Street, Edinburgh. Lieutenant-Commander J. S. S. Litchfield-Speer, eldest son of the late Rear-Admiral F. S. Litchfield-Speer and of Mrs. Litchfield-Speer, of Snowfield, Bearsted, Kent, and Margaret Cecilia, daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Bertram and the Hon. Lady Portal, of Southington, Overton. Mr. J. G. K. Williams, eldest son of Dr. E. K. Williams and Mrs. Williams, of Llwyngroes, Llanymynech, Mont., and White Hall, Billesdon, Leicestershire, and Prudence Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Gerald Trevor, C.I.E., and Lady Trevor, of Traawcoed, Welshpool, Mont.; Mr. D. D. Zvegintzov, The Border Regiment, elder son of Colonel D. I. Zvegintzov, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Zvegintzov, and Rachel, daughter of the late Hon. Herbert Bailey, and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Bailey, of Uppington House, Shropshire; Mr. L. G. O. Hutchinson, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hutchinson, and Ursula, younger daughter of the late Sir John Maclure, Bt., and Lady Maclure.



Catherine Bell
MISS DIANA SCOTT

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. H. Scott, Longwood House, Westmead, Southampton, who is engaged to Mr. J. K. Cater, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Cater, of Larkmead, Theydon Bois, Essex

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Polo Notes—(Continued from page 552)

There is one thing with which we can console ourselves, quite apart from our gracious Sovereign's and the Queen's overwhelming conquest of warm-hearted America, and that is, that we have at last found a No. 1 who is right out of the top drawer, Bob Skene, late Goulburn team, classed as an Australian, but really one who began to learn polo in that part of the globe where it originated, North-East India. Australia first began to put the real polish on him and this International has turned him into something like burnished gold. This International Cup will not be played for again for another three years, but young Skene has a lot more than that of polo life before him. He is a great find. If the whole world is not in ashes by 1942, he will play for England again.

As to domestic affairs, it is not a little difficult to say much about the principal of them, the Inter-Regimental, for these notes have to be written before the result can be known. At the time of going to press the 10th Hussars are raging hot favourites, and are fully expected to repeat their win of 1937 when they got home in spite of being practically only just off the ship. Their being so much fancied has nothing to do with this encounter with the team called the 15th/19th Hussars whom they beat 10 to 6½, because the losers were not the full regimental side, Edric Nutting (Blues) being put in as a substitute No. 1 for I. S. Balmain, but because the 10th Hussars side has knitted and appears to have done the pony fitting so well. The form upon which people are going is their win against the 9th Lancers—9 to 8—at Tidworth. Anyway, there is plenty of interest about things where the soldiers are concerned.

The 12th Lancers and 15th/19th Hussars semi-final—a virtual dead-heat so far as quality went, but an actual win by 8 to 7 for the 12th—was as grand a scrap as we have seen for many a day



A GLOUCESTER-BERKSHIRE ENGAGEMENT
Colonel and Mrs. H. Lloyd, of Ferne, Highclere, Newbury, gave a party recently to celebrate the engagement of their only daughter, Diana Elizabeth, to Mr. Richard St. John Quarry, son of the late Major St. John S. Quarry and of Mrs. W. M. Myers, of Woodmancote Manor, Cirencester. Miss Lloyd was presented in 1935 and then trained for the stage. Her half-brother, Mr. John Aldridge, is one of the most celebrated of the younger artists

in an Inter-Regimental tie, and no one was much surprised that it was so. It naturally keyed up the interest in the 12th and 10th final, which naturally eludes me. No one knew which way to bet after that match. Personally, I believe now that the 10th will have won purely, however, because the 12th had such a terrible gruelling in their semi-final and the 10th had nothing like it in their fight with the Life Guards.

The Life Guards were beaten 13 to 2 by the 10th Hussars in the other semi-final as everyone expected them to be, for the light cavalry are a good side and good enough to win this tournament in any year. The rush to book seats for the 10th v. 12th final was, I understand, terrific, and no wonder for it is many a day since one had the chance of so good a fight.

The very charming and witty lady, who, in this paper, tells us "what the world says," has rather girded at all the laurel wreaths which have been bestowed upon some polo sides this season. I am with her; but the recipients I assure her, just hate it. No one expected that we were in for a hyper-brilliant season—no visitors, no soldiers, and a lot of the top ones away in the U.S.A. It has, however, been an amateur season, and all hands have enjoyed themselves immensely. The over-enthusiastic recorders who have incurred displeasure I feel sure have been actuated by the kindest of motives, namely, to encourage people who are coming on but have not got there yet. Some of them never will, but it would be very damping to tell them so. There are, however, one or two teams which are well-deserving, and which might keep their ends up even in a normal season with all the brass-pots on the premises. I think we must all recognize that, as a matter of solid fact, we are darned lucky to be playing polo, or playing anything at all this year. At one time it did not look like it, and we have still to keep on sharpening our knife upon our boot—worse luck.

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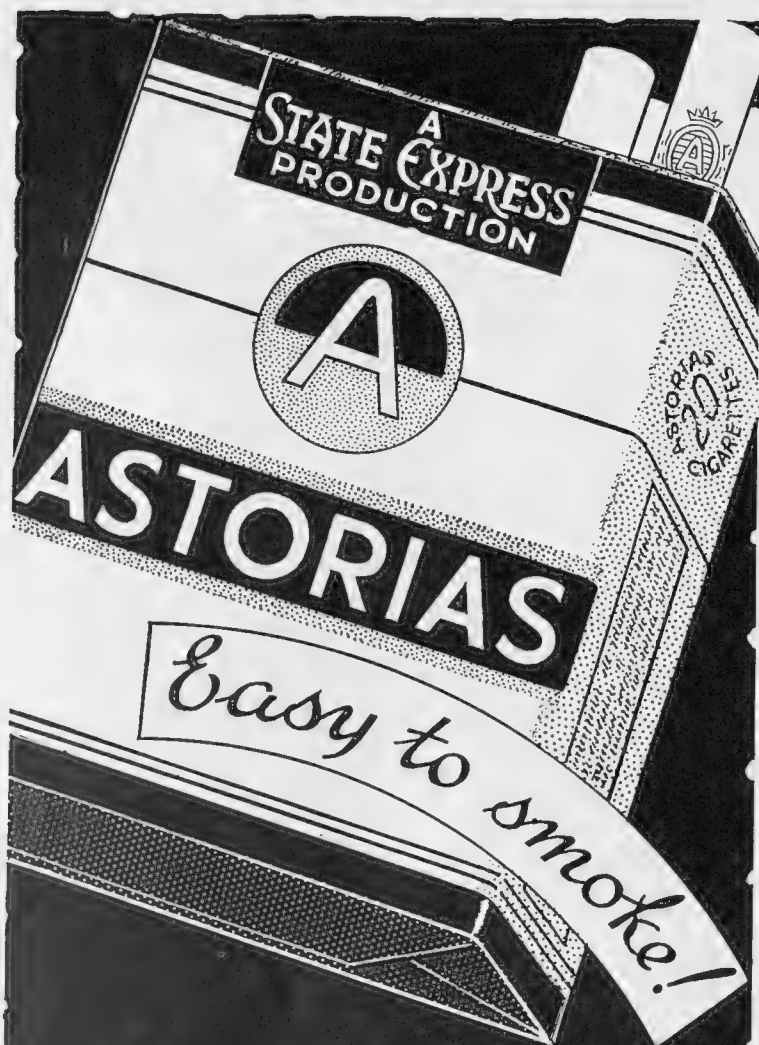


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Cigarette
Blending

20 for 1/4

TRY THEM & ENJOY
TOBACCO SATISFACTION

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 549)

Whether the state of white war is more comfortable than even modern red war would be, is very doubtful. We might just as well be in the thick of the latter for all the fun we are having. Anticipation is always supposed to be the better part of any pleasure; the same thing applies, surely, where suspense is concerned. If we have to go on walking about the earth knowing that there is a man with a rifle behind every rock, perhaps the best way and the quickest would be to have a sweeping operation and clear the snipers out. We know that people will not even order a new suit of clothes; they tell us that Ascot was dowdy, which, of course, was not true, but there were certainly far fewer people and the criticisms of the male trouser were very biting, all due, no doubt, to the "man behind the rock."

It may, of course, be that the attendance at Ascot was less because of what a very gallant officer has called "The Top Hat Nuisance." He has complained that he cannot see through an opaque top hat, whilst

he assures us that the modern female hat does not worry him and presumably he can see through it, even when he can't see over it, or round it. He is suggesting that while races are being run, the wearers of top hats should take them off, but he says in the same breath, that these offenders have to hold up their race glasses with both hands and elbows well out, and sometimes a daily paper in one hand and a programme in the other; and yet, he expects them to hold their hats. To me, it seems somewhat of a problem and for next year's Ascot perhaps some inventor might devise something in the way of an elastic hat string, or an artificial hand which the top hat possessor could operate by pressing a button in the middle of his waistcoat. How the wretched man can be expected to hold his race glasses with both hands and the daily paper and a programme, and also his hat, I do not see.



MONTE CARLO OPENS FOR THE SUMMER

Which, as everybody knows, means the beach and the summer sporting, and in fact all those things which go to make this spot such an ideal one for a holiday. Among the early arrivals seen around the pool were Marchese Antonio Sanfelice di Monteforte, the Italian Consul in Monaco, and Frau Vega Asp, the well-known Swedish diver

The following quite charming little poem which appears in "The Memoirs of H.R.H. Prince Christopher of Greece," has been sent to me by a lady correspondent who writes that "she thinks it may touch a soft spot in the heart of any one who loves a dog." The title is "The Little Dog-Angel":

High up in the Court of Heaven today,
A little dog-angel waits,
With other angels he will not play,
But sits alone at the gates,
"For I know that my master will come," says he,
"And when he comes he will call for me."

And his master far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes and whistles low
For the dog that is not there;
And the little dog-angel cocks his ears
And dreams that his master's voice he hears.

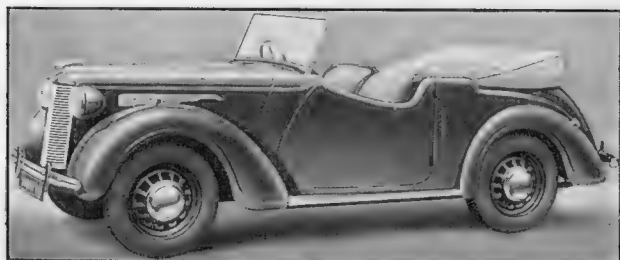
And I know, when at last his master waits
Outside in the dark and cold,
For the hand of Death to open the gates
That lead to the Courts of Gold,
Then the little dog-angel's cheery bark
Will comfort his soul in the shivering dark.

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SPACIOUS INTERIOR. Look at the wide doors which make for easy entrance, and the big sit-back-and-enjoy-yourself seats. The back seat is particularly wide and comfortable and there is ample head-room and leg-room even with the front seats well back. The shoulder-high backs of the front seats are hinged to tilt forward and are on runners for instant adjustment. The screen, side and rear windows are all of toughened safety glass.

For fuller particulars see the "Autocar", May 19, "Motor", May 23 and the "Austin Magazine", June 1

See these models at Austins London Showrooms, 479 Oxford Street, W.1

INVEST IN AN AUSTIN — THE CAREFREE CAR

Racing Ragout—(Continued from page 526)

parties scheduled for the week, and only the chilly weather will save me from an inrush of soaking wet people who have been unable to visit the urge to plunge into a pool in full canonicals at cocktail time. The lunch tents are crowded out every day, the women look lovelier and lovelier, and the only thing one could wish is that we were allowed anyway one more meeting a year at Ascot.

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1. It is not difficult to imagine how bleak life must be on 10s. a week when one is eighty years old, ailing and tired, after a life of hard work; what a struggle to make ends meet over rent, food, coal and the little medicaments those in advanced years so often need. There are two old sisters living in one room under these conditions, in a poor quarter of London, to whom for some years we have been giving 5s. weekly and their winter's coal. Our fund for them is now exhausted and we appeal to some one who has never known the desperate fight with poverty, to send us £13 that we may promise it to them for another year and ease their burden in the evening of their days.

The Russian Ball in aid of Children's Summer Camps will be held this year at the Ritz Hotel, on Wednesday, July 5, under the patronage of H.I.H. The Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia and H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught. There will be a cabaret, in which well-known Russian artists have promised to appear. Tickets, which are two guineas each, include a champagne buffet and early breakfast, and can be obtained from H.H. Princess Nikita of Russia, Wilderness House, Hampton Court, and Countess Armfelt, 48 Philbeach Gardens, S.W.5, and the Ritz.

The greatest musical and ballet event of the season will be presented at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, July 5, at 8.45 p.m. Viscountess Harcourt, the chairman, aided by a tremendously keen committee under the presidency of H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, has—in co-operation with Albert Coates, and T. C. Fairbairn, the famous producer—arranged a wonderful programme. Markova, after her amazing success in U.S.A. and Canada, by permission of the Ballet Russe of Monte Carlo, will fly from Paris for this, her only appearance in London this season—Alfred Piccaver, the famous English tenor of the Vienna State Opera, will sing for the first time in London for five years. Darja Collin, the dancing genius who is thrilling Paris, will make her London début. Vladimir Rosing will sing; Vera de Villiers and Frank Sales will sing the fountain scene from *Boris Goudonov*, and the first part of the programme will close with Robert Naylor, supported by a chorus of five hundred, in the impressive Baal scene from *Elijah*.



TERRITORIALS IN CAMP AT GREYPOINT, ST. HELENS BAY, CO. DOWN

The unit being the 188th Heavy Battery R.A. (T.A.) and Antrim Fortress Company R.E. (T.A.). In the above group are, left to right:

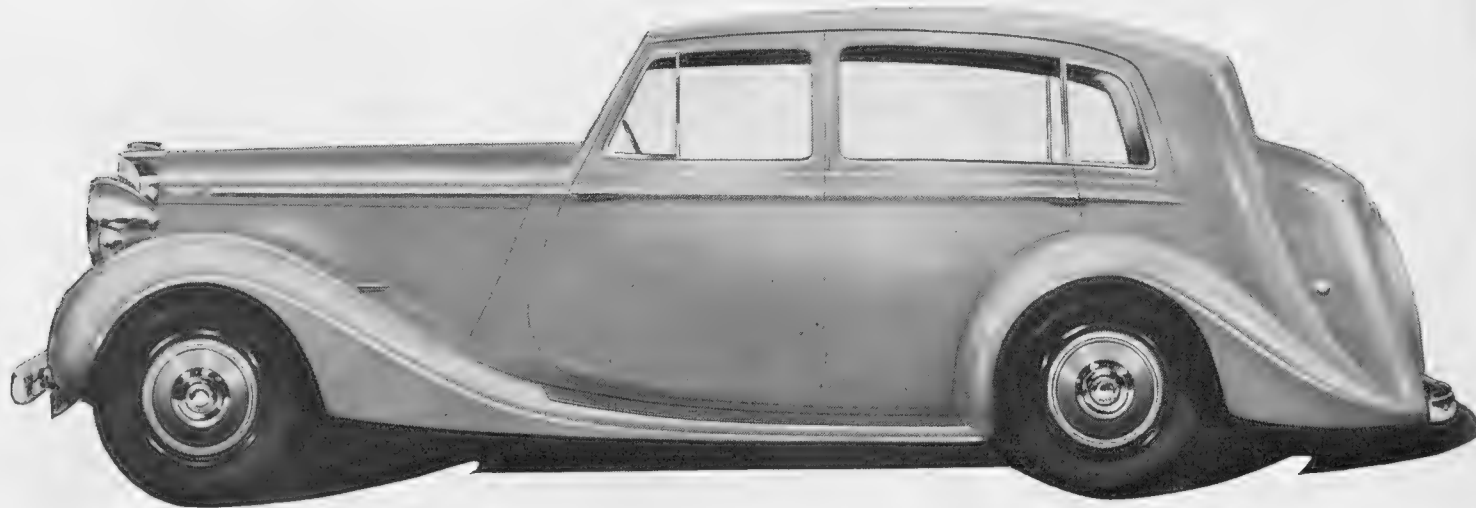
Seated are: Captain J. A. Nelson (Adjutant); Captain J. R. H. Greeves; Lieutenant-Colonel O. B. Graham, D.S.O.; Major-General R. V. Pollok, C.B.E., D.S.O. (G.O.C. Northern Ireland); Major J. Maynard Sinclair, M.P.; and Captain S. A. J. Toppin. Standing: Second-Lieutenant W. S. Orr; Second-Lieutenant T. F. Cooke; Lieutenant F. M. R. Byers; Lieutenant M. H. Marshall; Lieutenant E. D. R. Shearer; Lieutenant A. H. Glendinning; Second-Lieutenant B. D. Cotton and Second-Lieutenant W. Mackean. Seated on the ground are: Second-Lieutenant W. K. Harbinson and Second-Lieutenant R. A. S. Breene

Official car parks at Wimbledon for the principal lawn tennis event of the season—The All England Championships (June 26 to July 8)—will again be under the control of the Automobile Association. Accommodation for more than 3,000 vehicles has been carefully planned, and specially trained A.A. patrols will be in attendance to supervise the parking. A system of loud speakers will be installed so that chauffeurs can be directed to pick up their passengers at the North Hall exit. Berths can be reserved by applying to the Secretary, The Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1., or to any Branch Office of the A.A. Full particulars with maps showing recommended routes approved by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis are also available.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre next week that successful play *Gas Light*, with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and the original cast and production direct from the Apollo and Savoy Theatres will be presented.

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A CHILDREN'S PAY PARTY AT THE RITZ

(Below.) A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS: JOHN BINGHAM, JUN., LORD ST. CYRES AND THE HON. EDWARD NORTHCOTE WATCH THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW



THE SAME GROUP A FEW SECONDS BEFORE

And even children have their pay parties now! This one depicted above was a very gay little affair at the Ritz in aid of the Day Nurseries, organized by Lady Hamond-Græme and Mrs. John Bingham. There were Walt Disney films and a Punch and Judy show to amuse the young guests and judging by their expressions the effort was entirely successful. Reading from left to right are John Bingham, Junr., the young son of one of the organizers, and Lord Iddeleigh's two sons, Lord St. Cyres and the Hon. Edward Northcote

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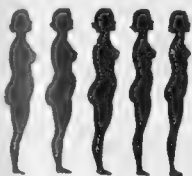


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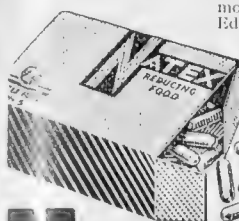
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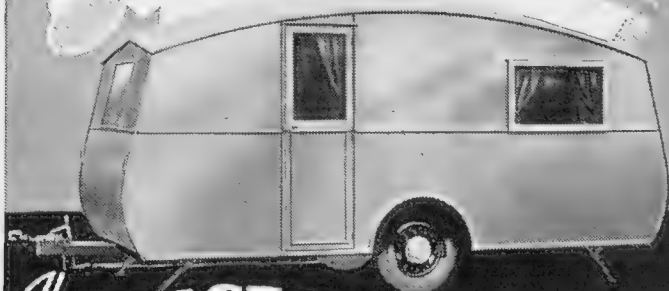
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THE IRISH ADVERTISING AGENCIES v. PRESS GOLF TOURNAMENT AT BUNDORAN

This group of the combined teams was taken outside the Great Northern Hotel, which this year for the fifth year has been made the base of operations for this always pleasant golf battle. The Pressmen won with 457 strokes (net) to 489, Mr. M. Mahon being the hero of the occasion with a round of 78 (74 net), the best individual score, which entitled him to retain the McConnell Cup

Included in the above group are Messrs. C. E. McConnell (managing director, McConnell's Advertising Service), B. O'Kennedy (managing director, O'Kennedy-Brindley), T. P. Piccolomini (Lovel & Rupert Curtis, Ltd., London), L. C. Blennerhassett (publicity manager, Independent Newspapers, Ltd.), J. C. Dann (secretary, Newspaper Managers' Association), J. T. O'Dockery (Irish Times), W. E. Magill (Dublin Press Exchange), P. J. Burgess (Arks, Ltd.), H. C. Legge (Independent Newspapers), T. O'Neill (Messrs. Cahill's), J. Rackow (Cinema & General Publicity), A. R. Thomas (Artways, Ltd.), S. McManus (Dublin Illustrating Co.)

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well known. He will hunt man on a really cold scent; no other hound can come near him in this respect. Field trials are held for Bloodhounds; there are usually two stakes; the junior is on a line one hour cold and the senior two hours cold. Later in the year the winners compete for the Brough Cup on a line six hours cold. One knows perfectly true stories of hounds which have owned a line twenty-four hours old, over country which has been overrun by people. Training and working bloodhounds is a most fascinating pursuit, and I always wonder more people do not go in for it. It is particularly suited to our over-crowded island as the line can be laid where it is convenient. The Bloodhound also makes a splendid companion, dignified, good tempered and affectionate. Mrs. Sadlier owns one of the most famous kennels of Bloodhounds. Her hounds have done well, both on the bench and tracking; she keeps no dog which is not a good tracker. She has a good young hound for sale now, suitable for any one wanting to take up this attractive and useful sport.

Another interesting and charming dog is the Deerhound. He makes a perfect companion,

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There is one thing that has improved in the last fifty years—that is the treatment of animals. It is very rare now to see animals being ill treated. There is still a certain amount of passive cruelty, far too many dogs are kept chained to barrels, but active cruelty is dying out. It is rather depressing to think a good deal of this improvement is owing to force, but the improvement is there, public opinion is on the side of the animal, and there is less thoughtless cruelty.

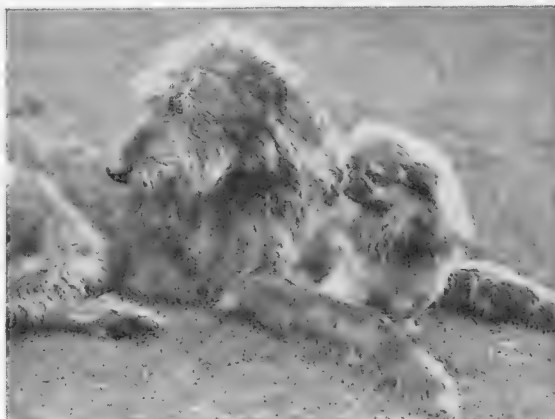
The marvellous scenting powers of the Bloodhound are

being gentle, intelligent and good tempered as well as beautiful, and he can curl up in a surprisingly small space. There is an idea that Deerhounds require a lot of food; this is not true. They do not eat more, when fully reared, than an ordinary large dog, Labrador, Springer or Chow. Miss Bell owns a well-known kennel of Deerhounds and has won many prizes. There are at present three bitches for sale, eight months old, so just of an age to be over their puppy troubles and ready to be companions. Two are up to show form, the third very cheap as a companion; all are



BLOODHOUND

Property of Mrs. Sadlier



STUART AND A FRIEND

Property of Miss Bell

inoculated. The photograph is of their grand-sire, Stuart, litter brother to Ch. Vera.

The Schnauzer is an old German breed, though he has only been known here since the War. There is something very alluring in his sturdy, honest appearance; he is intelligent, healthy and active. Mrs. Leland has a good kennel of Schnauzers. She has two for sale both under two years old. They have done well at shows; one has been shown at three championship shows and has been in the money each time, the other has done a lot of winning. They are to be sold to make room for coming litters. Mrs. Leland says, "They are delightful companions, really wasted in a kennel, and I should like to find them good country homes. Both are car trained."

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

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Sale of Yearlings; Polo; Horse Show; International Regattas; Tennis; 2 Golf Links; Children's Sports and activities; 2 Physical Culture Clubs.

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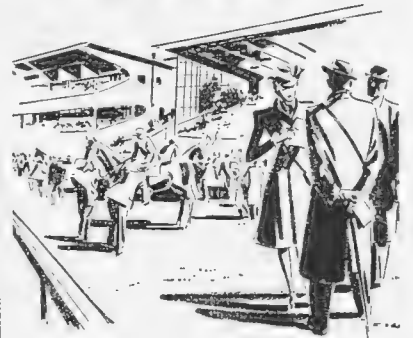
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LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT PORTRUSH

The weather was all that golfers could wish for in the Ladies' Amateur Championships which were played at Portrush. In the fifth round singles Mrs. Newton (Birkdale) beat the English captain, Miss E. Corlett, by one hole, and Miss Pam Barton beat Mrs. Percy by 2 and 1, and has gone into the final v. Mrs. Marks. The English team on the left includes :

Miss E. Corlett (England captain), Miss P. Barton, Miss J. Hamilton, Miss K. Garnham, Mrs. Rhodes, Miss M. Hodgson, Mrs. Carrick, Miss Z. Bonner Davis, Miss B. Pockett, and Lady K. Cairns (reserve)



Miss Jessie Anderson, the Scottish captain, had a fierce struggle in the fourth round with Miss Tiernan of Ireland, but was eventually beaten by her by one hole. Miss Betty Henderson was also beaten by the finalist, Mrs. T. Marks, also by one hole

The Scottish team (right) includes : Miss Jessie Anderson (captain), Miss Nan Baird, Miss Purvis-Russell Montgomery, Mrs. J. B. Watson, Miss C. M. Park, Mrs. J. N. Duncan, Miss H. Nimmo, Miss M. J. Couper, Miss Betty Henderson, Miss Jean Kerr (reserve), and Miss Jean Donald (reserve)



As a result of the fourth and fifth rounds an Irishwoman was assured of a position in the final, as Mrs. Tiernan who met Mrs. Marks in the semi-final was beaten and Mrs. Marks now meets Miss Barton

On left : the Irish team, including : Miss C. MacGeagh (captain), Miss Clarrie Tiernan, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Miss Gildea, Mrs. Marks, Miss B. Jackson, Mrs. J. E. Fletcher, Miss S. Moore, Miss Pentony, Miss M. Smyth (reserve), Miss N. Kearney (reserve)

Mrs. Bruce Burrell beat Miss J. Donald in the second round and was herself beaten in the third round by Miss M. Smyth. One of the best matches in the first round was between Miss Gibbs and Miss J. Kerr, which ended in a win for the former on the 19th

On right : the Welsh team, including : Mrs. Bromley (captain), Mrs. Bruce Burrell, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Mackean, Miss Thompson, Miss Barrow, Miss Gibbs, Miss Reynolds, Miss Matthias Thomas, and Miss Bryan Smith (reserve)





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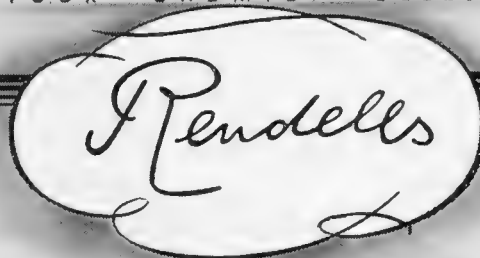
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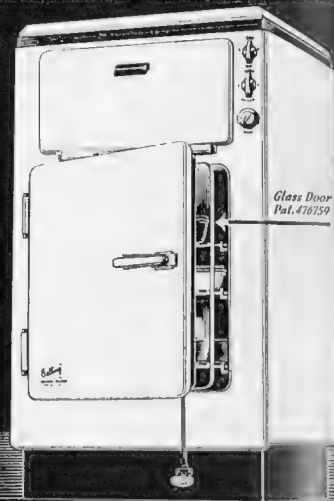
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Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

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GERMANY

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenners Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.

Bad Gastein.—Parkhotel Bellevue.—The house of international society. 360 beds. £1 a day.

Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel Gasteinerhof.—Sunniest hotel. 1st class. 180 bedrooms. Pension from R.M. 9.50. Pat. by English Soc. Open in Winter.

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Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every mod. comfort. 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar garden.

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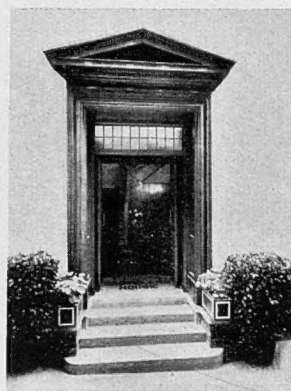
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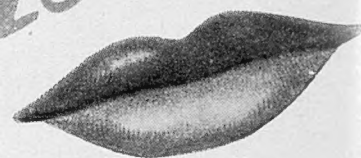
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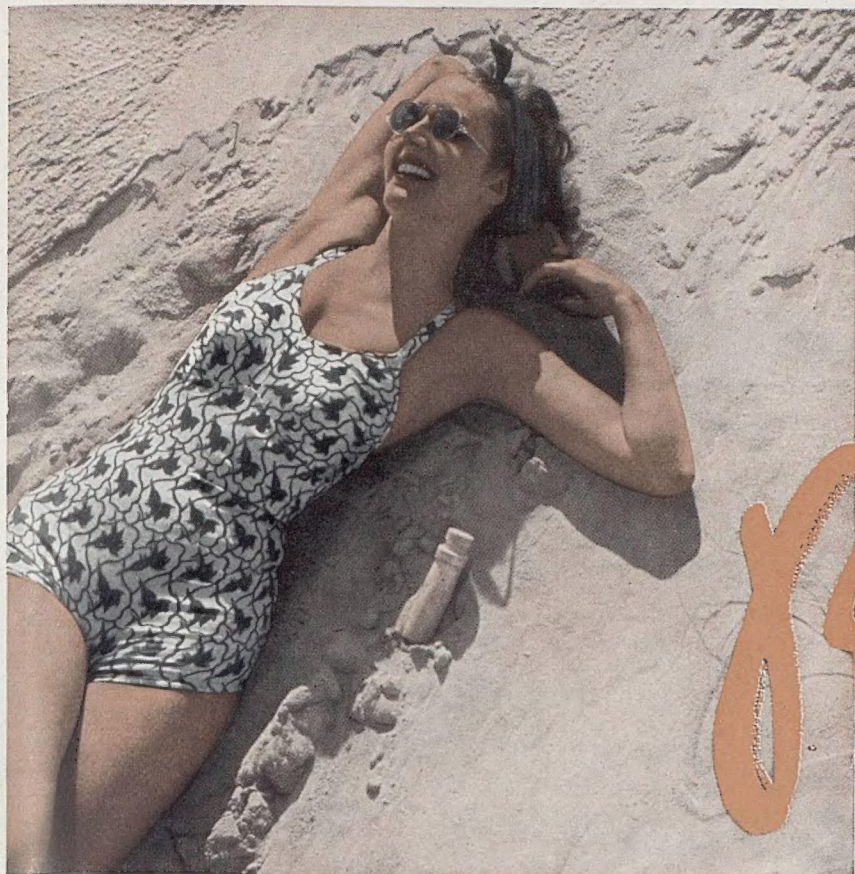
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